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The
Moxford Book
of English Verse
1340—1913

The
Moxford Book
of English Verse

1340—1913

Presented by
A. Stodart-Walker.

London
Eveleigh Nash
1913

821.08

P. 2975.

2 031099 00

DEDICATED TO
JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER AND
A GRACIOUS FRIEND

PREFACE

FOR this collection I have tried to range over the whole field of British verse from the beginning, or from the fourteenth century to the opening years of the twentieth, and to choose the poems that have most references to contemporary events and modern emotions. It is remarkable how poets even of the early centuries wrote of things and persons who are alive to-day. There is more of the prophetic spirit in poetry than even the Occultists imagine.

Having set my heart on choosing what I wished to choose, I resolved not to be dissuaded by common objections against collections of verse—that they repeat one another until the proverb “the best is not good enough for me” (I am sorry I have forgotten the original Sanskrit) loses all application—or perturbed if my judgment often disagrees with that of the worst critics. The best is often the worst, and the worst is often the best, and those between are still between and occupy much the same attitude as did the third portion of the ten thousand troops led by the grand old Duke of York. That is a fact, though a hundred judges

PREFACE

have declared it is so ; nor had it been any feat to omit the first-rate merely because it happened to be popular. To be sure, a man must come to such a task as mine haunted by things he has never known.

It will be imagined by some feeble intellects that the verses included are merely parodies—or rather paraphrases—as line by line they bear a distinct resemblance to poems well known in the language. But surely the critic will not be deceived by anything so evident. The Evident is what is most to be mistrusted. Any post-impressionist will tell you this, and if intellects on that level are so wise, surely I may depend on the ordinary sane man to be even wiser.

My thanks are here tendered to those living writers who have helped me with permission to include from their poetry ; to Mr. A*st*n D*bs*n, Mr. R*dy*rd K*pl*ng, Mr. H*nry N*wb*lt, Mr. J*hn M*s*f**ld, Mr. H*rry Gr*hm, Mr. L**rnc* B*ny*n, Mr. W. B. Y**ts, Mr. Ow*n S**m*n, Mr. R. C. L*hm*nn, Sir A. T. Q**ller C**ch and Miss Ell* Wh**l*r W*lc*x. To mention all who in other ways have furthered me is not possible in this short preface, which, however, must not conclude without a word of special thanks to Mr. Asqu*th, Mr. Ll*yd G**rg*, Mr. J. L. G*rv*n, Mr. G*lb*rt Ch*st*rt*n, Miss P*nkh*rst (who wrote me a most kindly letter from the Island of St. Kilda), and Mr. Alg*rn*n Asht*n.

A. S.-W.

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G**FFR*Y CH**C*R

I. *The Assembly of Foules*
 (*A Fragment*)

THE lyfe so short, the game so long to lerne,
Th'assay so hard so ofte the footeling,
The duffer's joy alway that flit so yerne,
All this mean I by golfe, that my driving
Astonieth with its wonderful werkyng,
So bad ywis, that when I seeke advice,
Naught wete¹ I well, whether I pulle or slyce

For all be that I know that golfe is dried²
I wot how for it folk quitteth hir truck,³
It happeth me full oft in bookes rede
Of its myracles and of its cruell luck,
Though rede I well, the craft I cannot chucked;
I dare not say my strokes grow better,
But fate save such a game, I am its debtor.

¹ wete—knew.

² dried—suffered.

³ truck—work.

Of stances, what for cleeke and what for spoone,
 On bookes rede I of, as I you told,
 But wherefore speake I all this? Quite soon
 Agen, it happed me to behold
 Upon a booke was ywritten with letters bold,
 And thereupon a certain thing to lerne
 The long day full fast I radde and yerne.

* * * *

There laws of truth and wisdom written weare,
 Of which I gan astonied to behold,
 For with that one encreased all my feare,
 And with that other gan my herte to bolde,
 That one me hette that other did me colde
 No wit had I for errour for to culle,
 To drive or putte, or me to slyce or pulle.

* * * *

Right as between my strong legs two
 With even weight, a clubbe of iron set
 And told me straight to move me to and fro
 For while that one may rise that other fall
 So fared I that I n'ist where went the ball
 To right way or left till Braid cryde out "You muffe
 Goddeshalfe! and the balle is in the ruffe."

* * * *

"But natheless, although thou be dull,
 That thou canst not doe, yet mayst thou see,
 For many a man that can not stop a pulle,
 Yet liketh it him at the wrestlyng for to be
 And demeth yet, whether he doe bet, or he
 And if thou haddest connyng for to strive
 I shall thee shew matter of the drive."

And with that my club in hand he toke anon ;
 Of which I comfort caught ; and went in fast.
 But Lord, so I was glad, and well begun,
 For very soon, where I mine Dreddenort cast,
 Were drives straight and long, that aie shall last
 Each in my mind, approaches dead and clean
 As Hutchinson's, that joy it was to sene.

CHR*ST*PH*R M*RL*W*

2. *Come Live with Me*

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all my treasures prove
With lunch and dinners, plays and balls,
And all the naughty music-halls.

There will we sit inside a box
And see the ladies show their frocks
And large tiaras, in the stalls,
And necks, when they take off their shawls

Then will I buy thee silken hoses
And socks to warm your chilly toeses,
Night caps with flowers and a nightie
Embroidered o'er with bows so mighty.

A gown made of the dearest plush,
In which your pretty limbs to push,
Fur-lined tippets for the cold ;
Your knuckles covered up with gold.

A belt of pearls as large as spuds,
(The size I use myself for studs :)
And if these treasures may thee move,
Come love with me and be my Love

CHR*ST*PH*R M*RL*W*

And diamond buckles for your feet
To give our poorer friends a treat,
And wine in buckets you will see
At lunch and dinner, yea at tea.

The champagne iced will lacqueys bring
Instead of tea, each morn's morning !
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come love with me and be my Love.

SIR W*LT*R R*L**GH

3.

Her Reply

I F you were smart and you were young,
And moved the duchesses among,
These many pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But you sell things, wholesale, I'm told ;
Your liver's bad, your locks are old ;
Though Calomel thou taketh some,
My friends complain your wine's *not* Mumm.

Your box would bore and wanton halls
Are not so " chic " as Mayfair balls ;
A money bag, the champagne cup,
Won't brush your cockney accent up.

Thy frocks, thy socks, thy silken hoses,
Thy caps, thy tippets, Mr. Moses,
Soon tire, soon worry—soon forgotten,
I think your offer simply rotten.

SIR W*LT*R R*L**GH

Thy belt of pearls as large as studs,
Thy diamond buckles and the duds,—
All this in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But were you young and smart your breed,
Had you an “H ” which you so need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

EDM*ND SP*NS*R

4. *Calling Over the Coals*

JOHN Redmond's toy (so Tories do him call,)
 When Session's wasteful time was almost spent,
 All in a moonshine fray, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock that had been long y-pent.¹
 So tired they wox ² and feeble in their say
 That now unnethes ³ their work was worth the pay.

All as M.P.s, such was the P.M.'s look,
 For pale and wan he was, and cut his hair !
 May seem he's bored, or else some snub he took ;
 Well couth ⁴ he choose his words, for speech a flair ;
 Tho ⁵ to a room his tired M.P.s he led,
 And thus him plained,⁶ the while some longed for bed.

"Ye good M.P.s, that pity statesmen's pain,
 (If any men the fate of statesmen pity !)
 Keep you below where you in ease remain,
 And ope your lugs unto my doleful ditty !
 And R., thou Primrose proud, that once did love,
 Pity the pains that thou thyself did prove !

¹ In fold.

² Grew.

³ Scarcely.

⁴ Could.

⁵ Then.

⁶ Complained.

“ ‘Thou barren year, whom Tories’ talk hath wasted,
 Art made a mirror to behold my bent :
 Whilom¹ thy Home Rule passed ; and after hasted
 Thy second Bill, Welsh Disestablishment ;
 And now is come the Lords’ rejection blate,
 Thy measures scorned which thou hast passed of late.

“ Great rage at Lansdowne reigneth in my heart,
 Our pet schemes freezing with unkindly cold ;
 Such stormy stours do breed thy latest smart ;
 And see the year is waste and woxen old ;
 And yet alas ! our work is but begun,
 And yet alas ! the session’s nearly done.

“ You Labourites, whose many logs were rolled,
 Wherewith the Whips were wont to get your votes,
 And now are clothed with scorn and chaff untold,
 Instead of cheers from out a thousand throats ;
 I hear the sneers that from your lips do rain,
 These sneers do seem so much against the grain.

“ All so my session’s sheaf is dry and sere ;
 My timely bills with talking all are wasted ;
 The measures which our rising youth did rear
 With confidence are thrown away and blasted ;
 And from the Lords rejected bills descend,
 And on the country we cannot depend.

¹ Formerly.

EDM*ND SP*NS*R

“ You Irishmen, whose ranks are split and rent,
Whose claims are weak through fast and evil farc,
Mayst witness well, by thy ill Government,
The P.M.’s mind is overcome with care,
Thou wild, I weak, thou keen, I quite forlorn ;
With warning sin I, you with Sinn Fein warn

“ A thousand sithes ¹ I curse that careful ² hour
Wherein I longed the neighbour Isle to free
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour
Wherewith I tried to follow Mr. G. ;
Yet all for naught : the bill has bred my bane :
Ah me ! that Home Rule breeds both joy and pain

“ It is not David Lloyd wherefore I plain,
All-be my help he seek with daily suit ;
His Celtic gifts and passion I disdain,
His bills, his land tax bearing little fruit.
Ah, foolish David Lloyd ! thy aim was vain ;
Herbert doth turn to Winston C. again.

“ I like each man (alas ! why do I like ?)
And am forlorn (alas ! why am I lorn ?) ;
They deign not my good will, but do reprove,
And of my daily hinting holdeth scorn ;
Wise compromise they hateth as the snake,
And scorn the plans that their P.M. doth make.

¹ Times.

² Full of care.

EDM*ND SP*NS*R

“ Wherefore my Rads, all-be the crowd thou please,
Yet for thou pleaseth not where most I would ;
And thou unlucky Whigs, that wont’st to ease
My anxious mind, yet canst not when thou should ;
Both Rad and Whig shall sore the while aby.¹”
So stopped his mournful pipe, and down did hie.

By that, the Ellis Griffith gan avail ²
His curly head, and now Sir Alfred Mond
Grew thin and white, and Redmond very pale :
Which seen the wise P.M. his tile had donned,
He rose, and houseward drove his faithful sheep,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weep.

¹ Pay the penalty.

² To drop.

SIR PH*L*P S*DN*Y

5.

A Ditty

MY true friend hath my hat, and I have his,
By choice of mine, one for another changed :
I hold his dear, and mine he'd never miss,
There never was a better swop arranged :
My true friend hath my hat, and I have his.

His hat on me saves me the price of one,
My hat on him his pretty head has guyed :
He hates my hat, he much prefers his own,
I cherish his, my bald patch it doth hide :
My true friend hath my hat, and I have his.

W*LL**M SH*K*SP**R*

6.

Scene: Scotland. Perth Station Hotel.

Alarum clock sounds.

Enter a Highland stockbroker accompanied by valet with trousers, morning coat, top hat, etc.

HIGHLAND STOCKBROKER :

Once more unto the breeks, dear friends, once more ;
And fill the trews up with our Scottish legs.
In Perth there's nothing so becomes a man
As Stewart tartan and the sgean dhu :
But when the blasted work calls to our cars,
Then imitate the costume of the broker ;
Stiffen the collar, polish up the boots,
Disguise fair foreheads with hard-rimmed hats ;
Then lend the eye a single eye-glass ;
Let it pry through the port-hole of the head
Like a motor lamp ; let the brow overhang it
As fearfully as doth George Bernard Shaw

Overhang and puff up his confounding plays,
 Swelled with strange wild and wasteful notions.
 Now clean the teeth and blow the nostrils wide,
 Hold hard the breath and brace up every rib
 With waistcoat tight. On, on you noblest Scottish,
 Whose clothes are wet from need of water-proofs !
 Sportsmen that, like so many Lords de Grey,
 Have in these parts from morn till even shot,
 And dropped their guns from lack of cartridges :
 Dishonour not your business ; now attest
 That those whom you called jobbers did instruct you
 Be copy now to men of Rothschild blood,
 And teach them how to deal. And you, good clients,
 Whose cash was made in England, show us here
 The metal in your pocket ; let us see
 That you are worth our bleeding ; which I doubt not,
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not golden money in your pouch.
 I see you stand like Spooner in the slips
 Straining upon the ball. The game's afoot
 Follow your market and upon our charge
 Cry "Gold for Brokers, Jobbers and Lloyd George."

Exeunt. Takes up clothes and goes off.

TH*M*S C*MP**N

7.

The Aviator

THE man who soars up high,
Whose flying heart is free
From all pot-hunting deeds
Or thought of vanity.

The man whose bird-like ways
In cloudland heights are spent,
Whom winds cannot delude
Nor "pockets" discontent :

That man needs neither screens
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret tricks to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

TH*M*S C*MP**N

Thus scorning all the cars
That o'er the roads do chase,
He makes the skies his track
The clouds his resting place.

Good planes his only friends
His wealth a petrol store,
The air his only home
The earth a horrid bore.

B*N J*NS*N

8. *Blink to Me Only*

BLINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will wink with mine ;
Or leave a note within the post,
And I'll come out to dine.
The note that from a Duke doth come
Doth need a dress divine ;
But might I on a necktie slip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a little cheque,
That could not honoured be,
But having then a hope that there
It might be cashed by thee ;
But thou thereon did only look ;
And sent it back to me ;
Now when you go with swells you swear.
Not at the cheque, but me.

W*LL*M DR*MM*ND

9.

Lines

DOTH then the law go thus, is all this sense ?
Is this the justice which to-day we find ?
Is this that firm decree which all should bind ?
Are these your ordinances, Parliaments ?

These souls which “ Votes for Women ” now most blind
Blind women, blindly, most their cause enslave ;
And they who their poor ballot suffrage crave,
Smash with a hammer and leave their bombs behind.

Ah ! if a Justice doth sway us all
Why should the shops groan under most distress ?
O why should law the militants make thrall,
And simple folk the suffragettes oppress ?

Statesmen, hinder, stop this rot, or else denote
The time when skirts may have, like breeks, a vote !

R*B*RT H*RR*CK

10. *To Asquith*

Who May Command Him Anything

BID me to vote, and I will vote
Though Protestant I be :
Or bid me speak and I will quote
Some Home Rule facts for thee.

A speech as short, a speech as queer,
A speech with sound so free
As in the whole House thou canst hear,
That speech I'll make for thee.

Bid me to roll, and I will roll
A log at thy decree :
Or bid me hurry to a poll
And shall do so for thee.

Bid me to pay, and I will pay
Into thy treasury !
And having done so, none could say
I did a deal with thee.

R*B*RT H*RR*CK

Bid me to pair, and I will pair
With any man I see,
Or bid me wear and I will wear
A Baron's robes for thee.

Thou art my chief, my hope, my dower
('Tis very wise of me),
And hast command of every hour
To vote and speak for thee.

R*B*RT H*RR*CK

II. *Counsel to Girls*¹

GATHER ye soap-suds while ye may
The smuts are still a-flying :
And this same hair so bright to-day,
To-morrow may need dyeing.

The glorious Lamp of Oil, the wick,
The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will the smuts fly quick
And on your hair be setting.

That hair is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer
But being spoilt, the worse, and worst
Hairs, will succeed the former.

Then be not mean, good soap go buy ;
And with it be not chary :
For having lost its bloom, you'll sigh,
“ My hair for ever tarry.”

¹ Another poem of the period commencing :

“ Gather ye nose-buds while ye may
Old Port is still a-flying,”

is evidently a bacchanalian parody on the above beautiful poem.

R*CH*RD L*V*L*C*

12. *To MacGregor, on Going Back to Town*

TELL me not, Ghillie, I am purblind,
That from the sanctuary
Of the chased beast and quiet hind
To Stock Exchange I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase
The last one in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A bull, a bear, a yield,

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not stalk the deer so much,
Stalked I not money more.

J*HN DRYD*N

13. *Hidden Pain*

I HAVE some pie within, which so torments me
That it both pains my chest, but must content me,
'Twas made by my dear wife, she says I love it,
So I had rather die than say "remove it."

Yes she, for whom I eat, shall never know it ;
My tongue is coated grey and my eyes show it.
Not a groan, not a swear, my pain discloses,
But they drip silently like colded noses.

Thus, to prevent my wife from being tearsome,
My chest's the sacrifice, the pain is fearsome ;
And while I suffer this to keep her quiet,
My wife rewards my pains by the same diet.

On her pies will I gaze, and thus delight her ;
While I conceal my pain, I'd hate to slight her.
To dough less heavy I dare not aspire,
But when she is not there, it seeks the fire.

J*HN DRYD*N

14. *Ah, How Rash it is to Smoke*

AH, how rash it is to smoke !
Ah, how strange is young Desire !
And what awful squeams invoke
When we first inhale its fire !
Pains of smoke seem greater far
Than all other troubles are.

Rings which are from noses blown
Is but swank to give us heart :
For the fags we smoke alone
Make us from our meals to part !
Youngsters, when they gain their breath,
Clamour for a sudden death.

“ Whiffs ” from wives with deference use,
Give them to a parting friend ;
Nor your friends’ cigars refuse
They will do away to send :
For each year their price gets more,
And they more sinful than before.

J*HN DRYD*N

Fags called "straight cuts," cheap to buy,
Puff on every youthful lip,
But each year they less supply
Till they're half made up of tip.
If a "cig" doth fat appear
'Tis half hay or very dear.

S*R CH*RL*S S*DL*Y

15.

The Wild Maiden

AH, Christabel, could I but be
As unconcern'd as when
Your Pankhurst nature could foresee
No thought of windowpane !
When I the sex used to admire
And praised the female way,
I little thought that suffrage fire
Would take your sense away.

Your charms in tender girlhood lay
Like peas within a pod ;
Rage in a face takes more away
Than clogs upon a sod.
For all your charms insensibly
From their perfection float ;
And love as unperceived did fly
When you took up the vote.

My passion with your madness grew,
A suffragist at heart
You, as your mother flattered you
Upset the apple cart :
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To be a tyrant, she
Employed the utmost of her art—
To be a nuisance, thee.

W*LL**M W*LSH

16.

Bathrooms

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our days are curst ;
Of all the plagues a visit bears,
Sure bathrooms are the worst !
With partners, when it's time we dined
Digestions easier go ;
To baths alone we hate to find
Companions for the flow.

Hostess, when all the men you see
Are struggling to be dressed,
I beg you keep the room for me,
Give footbaths to the rest !
How great so'er my rigors are,
With water cold I'll cope ;
I can endure a chill despair,
But not another's soap.

TH*M*S GR*Y

17. Tribute Written in a Country Newspaper

THE Big-ben tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowly herd winds slowly out to tea,
The P.M. homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the House to Churchill and to me.

Now fades the glimmering humour out of sight,
And all the House a solemn stillness holds,
Save when a sleeper starts a snoring flight,
And tonsil ticklings tell of coming colds.

Save that from yonder leather covered seat
The Bradford Byles doth to the House complain
Of such as, wandering near his sacred beat,
Had occupied his fav'rite place again.

Upon those ancient chairs, in smoke room's shade
Where heaves the cloth in many a dimpled heap,
Each with a hanky on his forehead laid,
The crude elected of the country sleep.

The breezy call of incensed junior whips,
 The members bick'ring when they can't find pairs,
 The bell's shrill clarion or Marconi tips
 Seem hard to rouse them from their comfy chairs.

For them no more young Murray's speech shall burn
 Or Lord Balcarres ply his evening care ;
 Or members run to tell the Chief's return,
 Or shake their knees to make the sleepers stir.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their rivals oft the guillotine had broke ;
 How jocund did they roll their logs afield,
 How bowed the Tories 'neath their sturdy stroke.

Let not the country mock their useless toil,
 Their homely ploys, their salary secure,
 Nor doctors hear with a disdainful smile,
 Their forced and simple panels for the poor.

The thirst for heraldry, the wish to tower
 And all that office, all that wealth affords,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of rich men lead but to the Lords.

Nor you, ye rich, impute to these the fault
 If "Taxis " going home no meters raise,
 When through the long stretched street, filled up with malt
 No tinkling hansom take them on their ways.

TH*M*S GR*Y

Can coffee urn or animated "bust"

Back to their mansions call the drowsy heap
Can teller's voice provoke no vague disgust
Or chatt'ring rouse the dead cold ear of sleep?

Perhaps in this frequented spot is laid

Some form once pregnant with ambition's fire,
Views that a County Council might have swayed,
Or roused to honesty the greatest liar.

But Hansard to their eyes his ample page

Rich with the words of time did ne'er enroll,
Cheap penny-a-lines did note their noble rage
And showed the menial current of their soul.

Full many a speech of studied wit serene

The dark, unfathomed brains of members bear,
Full many a joke is born to blush unscen
And waste its neatness, lose its deserts there.

Some village Parnell, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrants of his flock withstood,
Some cute notorious Gladstone here may rest,
Some Asquith pregnant with his country's mood

'Th' applause of listening members to command,

The threats of press and people to despise,
To scatter honours o'er a faithful band
Who show their doctrines by their ruddy ties.

The Whips forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
 Their power of speech, but their votes confined ;
 Forbade to walk through lobbies “on their own”
 And shew their independence when inclined ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth avoid
 They quench the blushes of ingenuous shame
 And heap the shrine of Rufus and of Lloyd
 With incense kindled by the party game.

Far from the gadding crowd’s ignoble life
 Their sober dishes left them seldom gay ;
 Upon the simple humours of a wife
 They spent a harmless tenner of their pay.

Yet from these drones oft insult we expect
 Some crude memorial of their mounted tub ;
 Their uncouth speech with shameless phrases decked
 Implores the passing tribute of a snub.

Their games, their gears, found in the local news
 The place of fame and office do supply.
 Full many a fairy tale around it strews
 That teach the rustic journalist to lie.

For who, to such forgetfulness a prey
 To please an anxious editor declined,
 Left the warm precincts of his proffered tray
 Nor dropt some undelivered speech behind ?

On such keen breast the humble soul relies,
 Some pious puffs the closured voice requires ;
 E'en from the depths the voice of nature cries,
 Under the sashes dwell the wonted fires.

While I, who mindful of the words unsaid,
 Do in these lines a speechless fate relate
 If chance by homely contemplation led
 Some kindly spirit shall enquire his fate.

Haply, some hoary headed swine may say
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty hand the dews away
 Which washed his supper down of humble brawn.

"There on the bench of well upholstered beech,
 With legs in old fantastic suits of dye,
 His listless length at midnight would he stretch
 And snore upon the man that babbles by.

"Hard by yon House, oft smiling or with scorns,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would stride,
 Now standing, woeful man, like one with corns
 Or crazed with jibes or snubbed by cries of 'Vide.'"

"One morn I missed him in his custom'd place
 Along the bench and near his favourite seat—
 Another came, nor yet beside the mace
 Nor in the Lords, nor at the bar did meet.

“The next, with pars (some true) in long array
 Slow to the Chiltern Hundreds he was borne.
 Approach and read (if you can read) the lay
 Writ in the press upon the morrow’s morn.”

The Tribute

Now stretch his legs within his homely reach,
 A man, to office and to fame unknown.
 The Speaker called not to his proffered speech,
 And Resignation mark’d him for her own.

Small was his head-piece and his views a wreck
 Fate with this recompense his wishes meet.
 He gave the party (all he had) a cheque,
 He gain’d from Murray (all he wish’d) a seat.

No paper seeks his merits to disclose
 Or prints the pictures of his town abode
 (They’re all alike in Brixton, we suppose,
 “The bosom of the family” à la mode.)

OL*V*R G*LDSM*TH

18.

Woman

WHEN lovely woman's feeling jolly
But finds alas her hair turns grey,
What wash can soothe her melancholy,
What soap can drive the grey away ?

The only art her age to cover,
To hide the truth from every eye,
To have a young man as a lover,
And him to marry is—to dye.

R*B*RT B*RNS

19. *To a Golf Ball*

WEE, painted, rubber-hearted ba',
Thy sonsie beauty's gane awa';
For I maun hack in grasses ta'
Thy whited head;
To bash thee with the niblick's blaw,
Is woe indeed.

Alas! if 'twere ma partner Braid,
He'd tak' a glower where ye hae laid,
And lift thee wi' his canty blade,
And ye wad roll,
Wi'out a dent or scaur to raid
The rounded hole.

Down came my bulky Dreadnought head
Upon the tee, your sandy bed,
And from a slice you forthwith sped
Towards the rough;
Your curling as you thereward sped
Spoke me a muff.

To flaunting grass our courses grow,
 High shelt'ring whins wi' stanes below,
 You, from a pull, do aften go
 'Neath clod and stane ;
 With ne'er another ba' I trow,
 Unseen, alane.

There in thy dimpled mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread
 Thou lifts thy sorely hackéd head
 The worst of guys ;
 And soon the niblick tears thy bed,
 For you maun rise !

Then on thy scanty, dimpled paint,
 I hack away till I am faint,
 For pick ye up they say I mayn't,
 Upon the link ;
 And use the language of a saint
 I dinna think.

Such is the fate of half-crown ba'
 In bunker wide to aften fa',
 Unskilful I-to note the law
 Or written lore
 Till partners rage and lads guffaw
 At my big score.

Such fate to suffering balls is given,
 Who long with rubs and roughs have striven
 By pulling bad or slicing, driven
 To bunkers' brink ;
 When hacked of all their paint, by Heaven,
 They ruined sink.

R*B*RT B*RNS

E'en I who mourn'st the golf ba's fate,
What fate is mine—must I relate ?
Opponent's brassie drives quite straight
 Dead on the pin ;
And crushed beneath my hole in eight
 I stumble in.

R*B*RT B*RNS

20. *To a House from Another House*
on being turned out of her nest by the country

WEE, cheepin', courin' timorous housie,
O ye've been playin' fast and loosie !
And ye've been caught in a bit noosie,
For a' your prattle !
I wad be laith to ca' ye goosie,
Or ither cattle !

I'm truly glad that man's dominion
Has broken down your feckless union
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy Parliament companion,
And makes me chortle !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou maun thieve ;
What then ? Poor housie, men must live !
A further tax for those who slave
's a sma' request !
I'll gi'e my money with the lave
And never miss't !

R*B*RT B*RNS

Our wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Our veto's gone and a' your doin' !
And naething now to big ¹ a new ane,
Least nane I've seen !
And Revolution's winds ensuin'
Baith snell ² and keen !

Thou saw the bye-elections cast ;
And dissolution comin' fast,
And cosie there, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash, the changeful voter hast
Proved it a sell.

Thy wee bit heap o' bills and taxes
Has cost thee mony grinds of axes !
Now thou's turned out for thy malpraxis
But house or hauld.³
To thole ⁴ the plan of makin' tracksies
Out in the cauld !

But, Housie, thou are no thy lane ⁵
In proving rashness may be vain !
The best laid eggs of dook and hen
Gang aft agley,
And lea'e us nought but addled gain
For fruitful lay.

¹ Big—build.

² Snell—bitter.

³ But house or hauld—without house or home.

⁴ Thole—bear.

⁵ Thy lane—alone.

R*B*RT B*RNS

For thou are blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee !
But oh ! I backward cast my e'e
 On threats severe
And forward, I can plainly see,
 I've much to fear.

R*B*RT B*RNS

21. *O Willie Wrote a Heap o' Plays*

O WILLIE wrote a heap o' plays,
And Durning Lawrence cam' to see ;
A simpler heart, than that guid man
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

He is na daft, he's nae that daft,
But in his bonnet hums a B— ;
The press may crawl, the play may draw
But ay will write of Bacon he.

Here are we met, we simple folk
Quite simple folk, I trow, are we ;
And many a pamphlet do we read,
And many mair I know we'll see !

It is the ink—I ken her horn,
That's drying on his desk sae hie ;
She dries up quite, to give him pause,
But, by my sooth, we'll wait a wee !

R*B*RT B*RNS

“What man shall Shakespeare author ca’?
A low-down, thieving loon was he!
I prone at Bacon’s knee will fa’
He is the king of men to me.”

I am na daft, I’m nae that daft
Though in ma’ bonnet hums a B—;
The press may chaff, the public laugh,
But more on Bacon you will see.

R*B*RT B*RNS

22. *Joe Chamberlain*

JOE Chamberlain, my Joe, man,
When we were first acquent,
Your look was like the archer's,
Whose fearless bow was bent ;
But now your eye is dimmed, man,
And slackened is your bow ;
But blessings on your honoured head,
Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, man,
We broke the line thegither,
And many a bonny fray, man,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now ye maun stand aside, man,
But heart to heart we'll go,
I'll wrap your mantle round my breast,
Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

R*B*RT B*RNS

23. *Long Live the Classes*

LONG live the classes, O !
Long live the classes, O !
The proudest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the classes, O !

There's nought but snobs on every han',
In every street one passes, O !
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the classes, O ?

The greedy folk may rich men chase,
An' rich men still may fly them, O !
An' though at last they catch them fast
Their manners do annoy them so.

But gi'e me a dinner with a Duke,
And no man would despise it, O,
And *Daily Mail* and *Morning Post*,
I'll pay to advertise it, O !

For you sae proud, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but Tory asses, O
 The greatest Rad the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the classes, O !

Auld Nature swears the lovely peers
 Her noblest work surpasses, O ;
 With 'prentice han' she made mere man,
 An' then she made the classes, O !

C*R*L*N* L*DY N**RN

24. *The Lloyd o' Bigben*

THE Lloyd o' Bigben, he's Welsh and he's blate,
His mind is ta'en up with the cash of the State;
He wanted his budget to pass in a week,
But honour wi' passin' was fashious to seek.

In their braw gilded chamber the peers they did dwell,
On a charger he thought their heads would look well;
The Lords did exist ere the Commons did be,
A penniless¹ House wi' a lang pedigree.

His Whigs were well promised with honours sae new;
The "Labours" all squared and Redmondites too;
He went down to Limehouse and had a wee chat;
And who could refuse the Lloyd wi' a' that?

He took up his Budget, sae lang in arrears—
And rapp'd at the yett o' the Chamber of Peers;
"Gae tell Lansdowne's Lord to come speedily ben,
He's wanted to speak to the Lloyd o' Bigben."

¹ In reference to the fact that the Lords cannot initiate a Money Bill.

Lord Lansdowne was making the elder peers whine,
 "And what brings the Lloyd at sic a like time?"
 He put on his robe and his Marquis' crown,
 The ribbon of Garter and gaed awa' down.

And when he cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
 And what was his errand, Lloyd soon let him know;
 Amazed was the Lloyd when Lansdowne said "Na";
 And wi' a proud curtsie he turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, a threat did he gie;
 To go to the country and then they would see;
 And aften he said, as the tub thumped again,
 "He's daft to refuse the Lloyd o' Bigben."

And now that the Lloyd his fiat had made,
 Lord Lansdowne reflected on what he had said;
 "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the Lloyd o' Bigben."

Next time that the Lloyd to the Lords stepped around
 The Parliament Bill their feathers had pruned;
 Now they sit in their house like a well pluckèd hen,
 But as yet "Lords' Reform" is unknown at Bigben.

C*R*L*N* L*DY N**RN

25. *The Land o' the De'il*

(*Note.*—"I am writing an article on the paradox of Scottish civilisation to be entitled "The Land o' the De'il."—ROBERT BUCHANAN.)

I'M clearing awa', Jean,
Like Yanks at the Fa', Jean,
I'm clearing awa'
Frae the land o' the De'il.
Sawbath day is here, Jean,
Ye canna laugh or speir, Jean,
A public ! Nae fear
In the land o' the De'il.

Ye were aye fond of brew, Jean,
Just a drap or two, Jean,
I'll no welcome you
To the land o' the De'il.
There's a veto unfair, Jean,
Though the law ye can square, Jean,
When they grudge it right sair,
In the land o' the De'il.

C*R*L*N* L*DY N**RN

Though dry be ma mouth, Jean,
And lips crack wi' drouth, Jean,
It's no like the south
In the land o' the De'il.
Now fare ye well, 'tis vain, Jean,
To the cupboard I'm gane, Jean ;
You may drink on your ain
In the land o' the De'il.

C*R*L*N* L*DY N**RN

26. *The Hundred Papers*

WI' a hundred papers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred papers an' a', an' a',
They'll up an' gie us a jaw, a jaw,
Wi' a hundred papers an' a', an' a'.
Is it "ower the border," oh na, oh na,
Is it "ower the border" awa, awa?
We'll on an' we'll hit at Bonar Law,
Wi' his preference taxes an' a', an' a',
 Chorus: Wi' a hundred papers an' a', an' a'!

Oh, our leaderettes look braw, look braw,
And fearsome headlines an' a', an' a',
Wi' their choppings and changings and threatening fear,
An' warnings sounding grave and queer.
Will they a' return to the fold again?
Will they a' return, the Food tax men?
Second sighted Strachey looked fu' wae,
And Cecils grat when they marched away.
 Wi' a hundred papers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremaist o' a', o' a' ?
 Oh, wha does follow his ca', his ca' ?
 Alfred Harmsworth, the king o' us a', hurrah !
 Wi' his hundred papers an' a', an' a'.
 To Bonar and Lansdowne he's saying " Fie " !
 The Maxse creed he says must die !
 The Northcliffe calls all his writers there,
 And his papers write wi' an unco flare !
 Wi' a hundred papers, etc.

The heads were swollen, the meaning was deep :
 But shoulder to shoulder the Tories keep,
 A few did pass oure to the Harmsworths' ground,
 And handed the " Times " and the " Mail " around.
 Dumfounder'd the Garvin saw,—he saw,—
 Dumfounder'd he took the blaw, the blaw !
 Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
 Frae the hundred papers an' a', an' a'.
 Wi' a hundred papers, etc.

W*LL**M W*RDSW*RTH

27. *My Heart Leaps Up*

M Y heart leaps up when I behold
A mince pie on the table ;
So was it when my youth began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old
If I am able.
The Boy eats faster than the Man,
And I could wish my meals to be
Bound each to each by rich mince-piety.

W*LL**M W*RDSW*RTH

28. *It Dwelt Among the Unsodden Ways*

I T dwelt among the unsodden ways
Beside the streams of Mold !
A wasp whom there were none to praise
And very few to hold.

An insect with a deadly sting
Well hidden from the eye !
Hot as a midge, when that wee thing
Is dining on your eye.

It came unknown and few can know
When insects seize on thee,
But it is on my neck, and oh,
The difference to me !

W*LL**M W*RDSW*RTH

29.

Our clothes are too much with us ; late and soon
Choosing and fitting we lay waste our hours :
Little we see of Nature that is ours ;
We have hidden our knees away, a doubtful boon !
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The trees her leaves a-stripping at all hours,
And stand dismantled of their robes of flowers ;
For these, for everything, we are out of tune
They teach us not. Great Scott, I'd rather be
An urchin muffled in a coat outworn :
So might I, standing on this naked lea
Have glimpses of a man as he was born ;
Have sight of bathers rising from the sea,
Or see the waders lengthy garments scorn.

SIR W*LT*R SC*TT

30.

Bernard Shaw

O GEORGE Bernard Shaw he came out of the West,
Through all that wild country he said "I'm the best";
And save his good broad pen, he backers had none,
He came all unpraised and he came on his own.
So sceptic of love, and a critic of law,
There never was scribe like to George Bernard Shaw.

He wrote not for sire, and he wrote not for dam,
He entered the playhouse not at all like a lamb;
But ere he arrived (we've forgotten the date),
The Vogue had consented, the callant came late;
A romancist in love, and with platitudes raw,
Was to wed the fair Vogue, not George Bernard Shaw.

So boldly he entered the world of the stage,
Among writers and critics and actors and sage;
Then spoke the Vogue's father, the critic so bored
(For the poor craven playwright said never a word),
O come you to cheer here, or come to guffaw?
"I'm the rival of Shakespeare," said George Bernard Shaw.

SIR W*LT*R SC*TT

"The Vogue I have woo'd her, my suit you denied ;
Vogues swell like the Solway, but ebb like its tide ;
And now I am come, with this rare skill of mine,
To show you one drama, I count superfine,
There's a playhouse in Dublin where I always draw,
That would gladly have kept me," said George Bernard Shaw

The Vogue praised the drama (the crowd took it up)
It laughed at the wheezes—some called him a pup.
It looked down to blush and then looked up to sigh,
With a smirk on its lips and a wink in its eye.
He took it in hand and tickled its paw,
"Now build me a playhouse," said George Bernard Shaw.

So careless of form and of action so small,
Was ever a playhouse such things could recall ?
While the mothers did fret, and the fathers did fume,
And the critics stood dangling their paper and "*plume*,"
And the author he chuckled "That's good" and "Ha, ha,"
"We've captured the Vogue with George Bernard Shaw."

One play in the hand, called Arms and the Man,
Then Bull's other Isle, and Man, Superman ;
So swift to his side the fair Vogue he had swung,
And play after play on the public he sprung !
"It is won, they are off !" wrote a critic called Wa—
"And all Europe will follow," quoth George Bernard Shaw.

There was groaning 'mong scribes of the comedy clan ;
Grundy, Sutro and Carton cried "Write while we can ;"
There was praising and cursing at the Garrick to be,
But the old vogue of Drama no more did they see.
So careless of plot and no curtain ava'
Have ye e'er seen a playwright like George Bernard Shaw?

SIR W*LT*R SC*TT

31. *Lullaby on an Infant*

Air :—Bo-hoo, Bo-hoo

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a fright,
Thy mother a cripple, with lacing too tight;
The gout and rheumatics from your parents we see
They are all bequeathèd, poor babie, to thee.
O bo-hoo, bo-hoo.

O, fear not the doctor, though beastly his dose,
It brings out the gout from your head to your toes;
Your limbs would be twisted, your nose would be red
If the step of the doctor came not to your bed.
O bo-hoo, bo-hoo.

O, hush thee, my babie, there'll soon come the days
When thy shape will be twisted by lacing and stays;
Then hush thee, my brattling, take drugs when you're told,
Or you'll walk like a cripple in the days when you're old.
O bo-hoo, bo-hoo.

R*B*RT S**TH*Y

32. *The Battle of Muirfield, 1909*

(The battle referred to was the great match between Mr. Robert Maxwell and Captain Cecil Hutchison in the final of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1909.)

IT was a summer evening,
Old Grasper's work was done ;
And he before the club-house door
Had got a touch of sun,
And by him, digging up a green
His suffrage daughter, which was mean.

She saw her brother Peter Kidd
Hold something small and round,
That in the woods of Archerfield,
In poaching, there had found.
He came to speir, for sense he lacked,
What was this thing so sadly hacked.

Old Grasper took it from the boy,
Who then did pipe his eye ;
With that the old man cuffed his lug,
And gave no reason why :
“ 'Tis some poor golfer's ball,” said he,
“ Who lost in the great victory.

“I find them in the sand-dunes, for
 There’s many here about,
 And often when I go to poach,
 The rabbits kick them out ;
 For many half-crown balls,” said he,
 “Were lost in the great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
 Young Peter Kidd he cries ;
 The little Suffragette still dug
 With slumber-weighted eyes ;
 “Now tell us all about this bosh,
 And why you talk such awful tosh.”

“’Twas Bobby Maxwell,” Grasper said,
 “Put Hutchison to rout ;
 But what they played each other for
 It never did come out !
 But Bernard Darwin wrote,” quoth he,
 “That ’twas a famous victory.”

“My father lived at Gullane then,
 Yon bonnie course hard by ;
 One pulled a ball into his house,
 And struck him in the eye ;
 So with his wife and bairns he fled,
 And hid himself beneath the bed.

“With cleek and spoon the course around
 Was hacked up more and more,
 And many a green caretaker then,
 And many a caddie swore ;
 But swears like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

R*B*RT S**TH*Y

“They say it was a shocking sight
The way some players swore,
For even parson bodies cursed,
Who never cursed before,
But things like that you know must be
After a famous victory.”

“Great praise did Bobby Maxwell win,
And good Cis Hutchison.”

“Why ’twas a very narrow thing
For Cis, he nearly won.”

“Nay, nay, you little fool,” quoth he,

“It was a famous victory.”

“And everybody praised the man
Who won just by a putt.”

“But what cash passed on either side?”

This poser Peter put.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,

“But ’twas a famous victory.”

W*LT*R S*V*G* L*ND*R

33. *Twenty Years Hence*

TWENTY years hence my head may grow,
If not quite bald, yet rather so :
I'll buy some other hair I know,
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, though it may hap
That I be call'd to take my nap
With my cold head in a night cap,
Then mum's the word.

Don't breathe " Her hair has gone to grass,
She wears a cheap made wig alas ! "
Or you will catch, ere you can pass
A wingèd word.

CH*RL*S L*MB

34. *The Old Familiar Farces*

I HAVE seen "Paul Pry," I have seen "Box and Cox,"
In my days of boyhood, in my joyful school-days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar farces.

I have seen Leslie, I have seen Terry ;
Edouin and Penley, they my fav'rite "comics,"
All, all are gone, the old familiar farces.

I saw Nell Farren oft, queen among women ;
Closed is her bright career, I cannot see her ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar farces.

I have a friend, a comic part has this man,
Like an ingrate, I left the house abruptly,
Left him, to muse on the old familiar farces.

Ghostlike I go round the haunts of my boyhood,
The stage a desert I am bound to traverse,
Seeking in vain the old familiar farces.

CH*RL*S L*MB

Dear Bob Buchanan, thou more than a writer
Why art thou not here in my bachelor's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar farces.

How Toole is long dead, and James is forgotten,
And Sothern a memory—all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar farces.

TH*M*S C*MPB*LL

35.

Pleasures of Wine

(*A Fragment*)

A^T dinner time the young ethereal beaux
Scan with brows arched, some glittering belles they know :
Why to yon bottle turns the longing eye,
Whose gilt-necked summit tilts invitingly ?
Why do these quarts of bubbling “ boy ” appear
More sweet than all the caraffes standing near ?
'Tis water lends enchantment to the few,
And robs the stories of their tinted hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joy of wine's unmeasured sway ;
Thus, with its aid, each new discovered lass
More pleasing seems than all from whom we pass ;
And all her charms that Fortune can repair
From dark oblivion, glow divinely fair.
Both port and spirits guide the raptured eye
To hope for much in the futurity.
Can water lend, with all her cleansing power
A pledge to love's anticipated hour ?

Ah no ! she darkly shows the fate of man
His dull horizon bounded to a span ;
Or if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis marriage pictured too severely true :
With thee, good wine, resides the heavenly light,
That pours ecstatic rapture on the sight :
Thine is the spring of love's bewildered way
Which calls each slumbering passion into play,
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
So coyly waiting, start at thy command,
And fly where'er their lovers bid them steer,
To Pleasure's path or marital career.

TH*M*S C*MPB*LL

36. *Sport at Wengen*

A^T Wengen, when the sun was low,
All ski-less lay the untrodden snow,
And "keen as mustard" was the row
Of curlers, souping rapidly.

But Wengen saw another sight,
When the stars blinked, at dead of night,
Commanding Chinese lamps to light
The darkness of her scenery.

In fancy costume smart array'd,
Each sportsman fixed his skating blade,
And furious were the charges made,
To join the changing revelry.

Then shook the hills with laughter riven,
Then rush the crowd to antics driven,
And louder than their suits, by heaven!
Flashed forth the gay hilarity.

TH*M*S C*MPB*LL

And redder still the lights do glow
On Wengen's hills of spotless snow,
And swifter yet the skaters go
On ice-rinks, waltzing rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon fiery sun
Can pass the Jungfrau, starts the fun,
When sportsmen keen brought out by Lunn
Start on the ski-ing revelry.

The contest opens. On, ye brave
Who rush the glaciers like a wave
On, Pery ! Telemark to save !
And "stem " with all your devilry !

Few, few shall end where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every crack beneath their feet
May be a ski-er's sepulchre.

TH*M*S M**R*

37. *He is Far from the Crease*

HE is far from the crease where the last batsman strolls,
And fielders around him are shying,
And sadly he walks from the slips and bowls,
And the ball o'er the rope is lying.

He bowls the wild balls with his long lanky strides,
Every law which he learnt a-breaking ;
But little they think who delight in his wides
That a record the bowler is making.

He had lived for the game, to his country aspired,
They were all that to cricket entwined him ;
Nor soon shall that man for the county be tried,
And soon will his club cease to mind him.

Then make him a place in some second elevens,
Where they promise a grand leather hunting ;
They'll hit his "long hops " for sixes and sevens,
O'er the stand which the ground is afronting.

G**RG* G*RD*N BYR*N, L*RD BYR*N

38. *When We Two Parted*

WHEN we two parted
In silence and sneers,
I had then started
To dine out with peers,
Great was thy “cheek ” and bold,
Bolder your kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
I’d never you miss.

The dukes in the morning
Smile back at my bow—
I feel like to scorning
All else in the Row.
Our links are all broken,
You’re passed in the race ;
I hear your name spoken,
And blank is my face.

They name you before me,
Quite new to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o’er me—
Why live you so near ?
They know not I knew you,
Who knew you too well !
Long, long shall I rue you,
For now I’m a swell.

G**RG* G*RD*N BYR*N, L*RD BYR*N

In Brixton we met—
That chapter I grieve,
But your name I forget,
My friends I deceive.
If I should meet you
After long years,
How shall I greet you?
With silence or sneers.

G**RG* G*RD*N BYR*N, L*RD BYR*N

39. *She Walks in Beauty*

SHE walks in beauty, with her knight
Through crowds to climb the social stair ;
And all that's worst of colours bright
Meet in her garments and her hair ;
Not fashion'd with that touch so light
Which grace to gaudy clothes doth spare.

One shade the more, one grace the less,
Has much increased her garish taste
Which waves on every yellow tress,
Or flutters near her breathless waist ;
Where clothes extremely dear express
How pinched, how tight her figure's laced.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
Of nature's bloom so innocent,
The pencilled eyes, the tints that glow,
All tell of days in climbing spent,
A heart at war with all below,
And lips with spite so eloquent !

P*RCY BYSSH* SH*LL*Y

40.

Lines

WHEN the glass is shatter'd,
The wine on the cloth lies red ;
When the brains are scatter'd,
The wildest story is shed !
When the ice is broken,
Grave tones are remember'd not ;
When the wine has spoken,
Smart accents are soon forgot.

As pictures and pheasants
Survive not the damp and the shoot,
The host's champagne presents
No gout when the vintage is *brut*—
No gout but sad dirges
That the wine's from an empty cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead bottle's knell.

When drinks have once mingled,
Sense soon leaves the well-built head ;
The weak ones are singled
To endure what they ought to dread.
O host, who bewailest
The frailty of all heads here,
Why fill up the frailest
With your champagne, your port, and your beer ?

Their stories will shock thee
As the crows shock the ravens on high :
Their chaffing will mock thee,
Like a son at his father's tie.
And each guest getting dafter
Will "rot," and thy sedate home
Will be ribald with laughter,
When yarns tall and old wines come.

J*HN K**TS

41. *Ode to a Chanticleer*

MY head aches, and a dusky colour stains
My gown, as though of coffee I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull teacup to the drains
One minute past, and slumberwards had sunk,
Though not through liking of my nappy lot
But being too nappy in my nappiness.
While thou, harsh crowing father of the brood,
In some malodorous plot
Of cast out scraps, and chickens numberless,
Crowest of morning in full bloated mood.

O for a tub of water ! that hath been
Warmed for a long time by the deep kitchen range,
Brought in by Flora with a towel clean,
Sponge and Verbena salt, and morning change.
O for a packet full of the soap Pears,
Full of the true, the unctuous Lanoline,
With Millais' " Bubbles " linking it with him,
And brush with many hairs,
That I might bathe within my room unseen
And hurry far away from politicians slim !

Go far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What you amongst the hens could never stick,
 The Cabinets, the questions and the fret
 There, where men sit and hear each other speak ;
 Where anger shakes a few and thins Grey's hairs
 Where wit grows pale, and spectre thin, and dies ;
 Where but to vote is to be full of sorrow
 And suffragette despairs,
 Where David cannot keep his lustrous eyes,
 And M.P.s make a plan beyond to-morrow.

Away ! Away ! for I am nigh well spent
 And pestered much by Bonar and his pards,
 I seek the upper house of Parliament,
 Though the dull place perplexes and retards.
 Already with them ! comfy in the nest
 And haply the Haldane is on the throne
 Clustered around by all the Tory peers ;
 But here there is no rest,
 Save what, thank heaven, is with my office thrown,
 The private room, where oft my footstep steers.

I cannot see what men are on their feet ;
 Nor what freak questions hang upon the tongue,
 But in my private chamber guess the heat
 Which questions from my ministers have wrung.
 John Burns, the Harcourt and the Lloyd George wild ;
 John Seely and the pastoral Runciman ;
 Fast fading statesmen covered up with fears ;
 And fortune's latest child,
 The coming Simon, primed with latest plan,
 The murmurous talk of whips about his ears.

J*HN K**TS

Darkling I listen ; and for many a day
I have been half in love with easeful B.,
Called him soft names in many a graceful way,
Taking the air upon the golfing tee ;
Now more than ever seems it fit to go,
To sleep long after morning with no fear,
While thou art pouring forth thy voice abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Then would'st thou crow and I'd refuse to stir—
To thy harsh revelry become a sod.

Thou wast not made for work, immortal Bird ;
No angry secretaries send thee chits ;
The crow I hear this chilly morn was heard
In ancient days by Palmerston and Pitts :
Perhaps the self-same crow had found a path
Through the strange heart of Ben, when, sick with
praise,
He stood, with sneers, amid the alien scorn
The same that oft-time hath
Stirred Russell's casement, opening on the days
Of perilous hours in Gladstone's time forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a knell
To call me now to sit upon the shelf !
Adieu ! a party cannot cheat as well
As it is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! Adieu ! Go cock-a-doodle, do,
Past the next window, round by Downing Street
Up through Whitehall, past the Minster old,
And St. Stephen's too :
Breakfast is ready, I must dress full fleet,
Done is your crowing, and my bath is cold.

J*HN K**TS

42.

Song

I HAD a duck and the young duck died ;
And I have thought it died of strangling
O, who did it strangle ? Its feet were tied.
From this ball of string I'm disentangling ;
Sweet little duckling ; made for a pie—
Why should I sell you, duckling. Why ?
You quacked so long in the farmyard free
Why dainty thing, are you not trussed for me ?
I fed you oft ; the buyer agrees
You will taste sweetly, served with green peas.

J*HN K**TS

43. *The Human Seasons*

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year—
There are four seasons for the meals of man.
He has his common Salt, with purpose clear
Takes with all dishes within easy span.

He has his Pepper, when luxuriously
Spring's early crop of cabbages he'll love
To masticate, but if the pepper fly
Is nearest unto weeping ; silly cove !

His beef has for it Mustard, quite a lot
He spreadeth on, contented with the heat.
But leaves in idleness, lets Colman hot
Pass by unheeded, when he'll mutton eat.

He has his Vinegar with oil caressing
Or else he would forgo his salad dressing.

H*RTL*Y C*L*R*DG*

44.

The Telephone

SHE may be fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her courtesy I never knew
Until she spoke to me ;
O then I saw her brain was bright,
She gave me Tooting 20 right !

But now her ways are queer and slow,
“ Engaged ” she doth reply,
And yet the line is clear, I know,
For half an hour I try :
The Government do make me groan
Since they took o’er the telephone.

CH*RL*S D*BD*N

45.

Tom Bowling

HERE, with big bulk, was oft Tom bowling,
The terror of our school,
But now he's turned to rubber holing,
For golf hath touched his wool.
His pace was varied as the wicket,
His breaks beat many a toff,
For fifteen years he played at cricket,
But now he's gone to golf.

Tom never from his length departed,
His bowling was so rare,
His scores were many when well started,
His hits were straight and fair ;
And oft at slip he stop a fiver,
At him no man could scoff,
But now he's turned a lengthy driver,
For Tom has ta'en to golf.

Yet shall our Tom find pleasant weather,
'Tis it that all commands,
And oft his name with Ball together,
We'll see on Hoylake sands.
And we, who talk of scores and catches,
Will oft see Tom drive off,
For though he's famed at cricket matches,
His heart is turned to golf.

46. *I Remember, I Remember*

I REMEMBER, I remember
 (I wish I'd ne'er been born)
 The little widow and her son
 Came creeping in forlorn :
 She never gave a wink too soon
 Till he had gone to play ;
 But now, I oft regret that larks
 Had borne that boy away.

I remember, I remember
 The presents dear and cheap,
 The letters and the valentines—
 And other things a heap !
 The cottage which the masons built,
 And where her youngster set
 The pin upon the big arm chair—
 That boy is living yet !

I remember, I remember
 Her neck I tried to wring,
 And saw the boy run out pall mall
 Two peelers quick to bring ;
 My hair it flew in masses then
 I got a heavy blow,
 The cold dark cell could hardly cool
 The swelling on my brow.

TH*M*S H**D

I remember, I remember
A fair man, broad and high ;
I used to think his slender hair
Did match his clothes and tie ;
It showed a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know she ran away with him,
And left that awful boy.

EL*Z*B*TH B*RR*TT BR*WN*NG

47. *A Vision of Painters*

(*An Extract*)

MEN'S teachers of the Beautiful
These painters are, of no one school,
No rigid usage, single rule.

Here, Sargent, with the broad free brush,
And paint so glowing. So who would hush
The garrulous critic's gush?

There, Guthrie! on whose forehead climb
The crowns of Scotland. Oh paint sublime—
With fame and honour for all time!

And here Orpen—the critics fainted
To see so clever, when he painted
As Rembrandt did!—he stands untainted.

And Cameron, with dignified
Scholastic brush—with culture wide
To etch alone he is not tied,

EL*Z*B*TH B*RR*TT BR*WN*NG

Save in the R.A. Muirhead Bone,
With that grand needle all his own,
Follows the art of Meryon.

And the lost Legros. Brangwyn bold,
Who learned his art in Melville's fold.
Cares most for decoration. Old

Sir Georgius Reid, quick as fear,
With Scots red in his cheeks, and clear
Strong fearless eyes that seem to "spier "

'The strong man rounding his last goal,
To hurtle past it in his soul.
And Henry, with his gloriole

Of reddish hair on waxen brows
Of dainty women! none forgoes
The leap, attaining the repose!

Augustus John, with strange curling locks
Dropt sideways, and the strangest frocks;
He gives the Academic shocks!

The Post Impressionists, who took
The world with mirth and laughter, struck
The placid streams of Paint and woke

The infinite ribaldry too much.
And Philpot with a Venetian touch
Needs but the insight of the Dutch

To bring his art to regions high—
For his faces lack majesty
But his rich paint glows deathlessly.

J. M. Whistler—nobler than his word :
Who spread his palette on the broad
Deep universe and said “No god.”

Finding no master : he defied
Critically the critic and died
Chief painter on th’ Eclectic side.

By grace of men ! his face in sneers,
As one compelled, in spite of jeers,
To teach a truth to all his peers.

And Tadema, marble on his breast
Once counted greater than the rest
Till Konody sat on his chest.

And Von Glehn droops his daring head
(With breadth of brush work you had said
From his own brain engendered)

Upon Sargent’s, till they run
Their curls in one—The American
Shoots nimbler heat of bolder man

From his rare brush. And Nicholson
The Great, great honour hath he won
For ’scape and portrait, next to none.

EL*Z*B*TH B*RR*TT BR*WN*NG

Hard limned Strang ; and fancy run
Peploc—who with friend Ferguson,
May end as great as he'd begun.

And Charles Furse, with a hand stretched out
To climb Parnassus. Not without
The fame he died in and the rout

He died by, young Brough, entrancing youth,
Whose portraits were too slick in truth,
To reach to highest fame, forsooth.

The Birley strong—and Fiddes Watt—
The Aberdeen young man. A Scot
Who claims Reid's mantle. 'Tis Lavery's lot

From his brainlighted eyes to fill
A hundred canvases at will,
Each lucid with unrivalled skill.

And McTaggart, quite alone he stood,
Compelling Nature's hottest mood
In immortal paint to brood—

The murmurs of the storm-swept ocean
Indrawn in vibrative emotion
Along his brush. And while devotion

In his strange eyes fantastic shone
Upon the canvas blown upon
By visions Celtic—John Duncan.

And bold Joe Crawhall, who painted quick
Horse after horse, with genius slick
Earned unstinted praise of critic.

And Wingate—with that poet's eye
His soul reached out from far and high,
Shows his subtle entity.

And Walton, with heroic front
Worthy of Lawson's kiss upon 't
Too large for men of ancient wont.

Pat Adam, with his pictured walls,
His rendering of rooms and halls—
The genius of Lorimer recalls.

Here, Houston's eyes see visions rare !
The glint of snow, the hillside bare,
The clouds that droop, the singing air

Self for sole vision. James Pryde, there ;
Whose Hogarth fancy debonaire
Draws straws like amber—foul to fair.

Cadenhead, with oils he drew
From outward nature, still kept true
To his own inward vision new.

And Russell, Lambert, Paterson—
Cadell and Whitelaw Hamilton,
Ricketts and confrère Charles Shannon.

And Sims with dream-like fashionings
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs
Are of his paint brush's issuings.

And Clausen, he a painter seer
None stands above ! And Wilson Steer
Alone is, amongst much small beer.

Fresh pictured views in varied tone
His paint more warmly, richly thrown
That Hugh Lane's friend, Nathaniel Hone.

And strong, proud Hornel,—one bright mood
Girls playing in a flower swept wood
The critics wish these girls eschewed.

And synthetic Mackie, who
Doth sweep his paint in order true
With range from yellow up to blue.

EL*Z*B*TH B*RR*TT BR*WN*NG

48.

Unless

UNLESS you can feel when the game is o'er,
None other is worthy the saying ;
Unless you can feel when beat by four,
The match was worth the playing :
Unless you can feel when unpraised by Braid,
That your driving deserves his scoffing ;
Unless you can beat a stymie laid,
O fear to call it golfing.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the golfing tips that fixed you ;
Unless you can play as the scratchmen play
With a stroke a hole betwixt you ;
Unless you can feel that your nerve can stand
Such things as your partner coughing ;
Unless you can keep him well in hand,
O never call it golfing.

H. W. L*NGF*LL*W

49.

I SHOT an arrow at a hare,
It fell to earth I know not where
For, so swiftly it ran, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a plot into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where,
For who has scent so keen and hot
That it can follow the fate of a plot?

Long, long afterward in a moke
I found the arrow (poor old bloke),
And the plot, from beginning to end
I found again in the play of a friend.

ALFR*D, L*RD T*NNYS*N

50. *The Song of the Boys' Brigade*

HALF a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward,
All in the village choir
Sang "The Old Hundred."
"Steady, the Boys' Brigade :
"Change you the key," he said :
All in the village choir
Sang "The Old Hundred."

"Steady, the Boys' Brigade !"
Was there a boy dismayed ?
Not tho' the parson knew
Some one had blundered ;
Theirs not to cry out "Fie,"
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to start and try :
All in the village choir
Sang "The Old Hundred."

Tenors to right of them,
Altos to left of them,
Basses in front of them
Carolled and thundered ;
Storm'd at by shout and yell,
Badly they sang (not well) ;
Out of the jaws of boy,
Out of the mouth of belle,
Came "The Old Hundred."

ALFR*~~D~~, L*~~R~~D T*~~N~~NYS*N

Hash'd all their accents rare,
Hashed as they turned the air,
Changing the metre there
Drowning the organ, while
All the church wondered ;
Plunged in with shriek and croak
Right through the time they broke ;
Coughing and blushing,
Reeled from the baton stroke
Heads thick and dundered.
Thus they sang loud, but not,
Not " The Old Hundred."

Tenors to right of them,
Altos to left of them,
Basses behind them
Carolled and thundered ;
Stormed at by shout and yell
While hand and baton fell
They that had sung (not well) ;
Out of the jaws of boy,
Out of the mouth of belle,
All that was left of it,
Left of " Old Hundred."

When can the story fade ?
O the weird noise they made !
All the church wonder'd.
Honour the change they made
When the real choir essayed
Noble " Old Hundred " !

ALFR*D, L*RD T*NNYS*N

51.

Maud

BELLS in the front hall ringing
Where gaslights' appalling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They are crying and calling.

Where is Maud ? in the field,
And I, who else, am with her,
Gathering leeks and turnips,
Myriads grow together.

Bells in our hall rang,
Ringing through the garrets,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the carrots.

I kissed her rosy cheek,
She smacked my face in anger :
Maud is quite seventy,
I did not like to slang her.

ALFR*D, L*RD T*NNYS*N

I only cry out "Go,"

She does it as a favour !

O Maud were sure of Heaven

If laziness could save her.

I know the way she went

Back with her cheeks so ruddy,

For her feet have touched the staircase

And left the carpets muddy.

Bells in the front hall ringing

Were ringing and ringing for her,

Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,

One is come to call her.

Look, a car at the door,

The little chauffeur swearing,

"Go back, dear Maud," in time I roar,

"No apron you're a-wearing."

R*CH*RD M*NCKT*N M*LN*S
(L*RD H**GHT*N)

52.

Suffragette !

AFTER years of nag and blether,
After long domestic tether,
After publishing of banns,
Female ways preferred to man's—
You have joined ; no peace I'll get,
You must be a Suffragette !

Suffragette !

After girlhood's coyish ways,
After clothes and boots and stays,
Money asked and money given,
After many bills, by Heaven,
Wife and husband scarce regret
When she parts, as Suffragette.

R*CH*RD M*NCKT*N M*LN*S

Suffragette !

Thus our life in common ends,
No one now the baby tends ;
Now hot passions fierce do rend her
To the cry of "No Surrender."
Glass be broke and eyes be jet,
While my wife's a Suffragette.

Suffragette !

Ah ! the bill of costs I'll scan ;
Ah the selfishness of man :—
Nature by magnetic laws,
Sweetheart unto sweetheart draws ;
But men fly away, you bet,
Always single—Suffragette.

I SCORCHED along the brook-side,
 I scorched beside the mill,—
 I could not hear the cock crow,
 My car the sound did kill ;
 I heard no scream of wounded dogs,
 No chicken's cluck absurd ;
 But the throbbing of my own car
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat behind the steer wheel,
 I watched the long, long road,
 And as it grew still longer
 I put on speed and crowed :
 But I looked out for p'lice-traps ;
 Was that a man who stirred ?
 But the throbbing of my own car
 Was all the sound I heard.

I tore on,—yes, I tore on ;
 My car tore on alone ;
 The other cars passed one by one
 With their Darby and their Joan ;
 The bicyclists growled at my cheek,
 The hens and dogs were stirred—
 But the throbbing of my own car
 Was all the sound I heard.

R*CH*RD M*NCKT*N M*LN*S

I'd stopped the car from going
 When someone stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder
 Another copper signed :
He drew up, nearer, nearer,
 I did not hear a word,
For the ticking of his timepiece
 Was all the sound I heard.

R*B*RT BR*WN*NG

54.

The Mesmerist

(*A Husband Speaks*)

ALL I believed is true !
I am able yet
All I wish to get
By a method quite black and blue !
I will tell the same to you.

It was night, when doors were shut,
On the great fire, sticks,
And the big clock ticks,
And my nose has a fleck of smut
And my head like a water butt—

And the candle flicks and flares
And the house-maids snore
And some feet—yes four
I surmise, on the lower stairs,
When a foot trips unawares.

And the husband, to serve his ends,
 With a smothered tread
 Arms and hands outspread
 To the smoking room descends
 Comes to find, God knows what friends !

For since eve drew in, I wist,
 I have sate and brought
 (So to speak) my thought
 To bear on this mesmerist
 Till I felt my hand turn fist.

Now he's here to have and hold
 On the big settee,
 Twixt my wife and me
 From his hair once long, I'm told,
 To the slippers so newly soled.

Have and hold, back and hip,
 Him from head to foot,
 Squirming, the brute !
 Purple and blue at lip,
 In the grasp of my steady grip.

Hold and tear, tie and clothes,
 All from head to sole.
 That completes the whole,
 All that lends a charm to Co's
 In the fire of my steady blows.

Hitting and hitting, till
I attack him fast
On the face at last
As my son does when he will
With a prize-fighter's skill.

Then—as my arms' powers serve
And through all and each
Of his guards I reach
To his eyes and never swerve,
Splitting his facial nerve.

Commanding him to resist
And to take his guard
Against blows so hard
And with his arms and wrist
Answer me fist for fist.

I, still with fists that hit,
With my hands that best
Do my heart's behest,
Putting the power in it,
While my wife doth silent sit.

Steadfast and still the same
On this "object" bent
While my fists give vent
To my fury and my aim,
And seem to enjoy the game.

Then, I reach, I do believe,
Not his pride in vain,
For at me in pain
He reaches, and past retrieve
Is wound in the arms I weave.

And must follow as I require,
As befits a thrall,
Bringing arms and all,
Figure and smart attire,
To the game in a hot perspire.

Till the house called hers not mine
With my growing hate
Seems to suffocate
Till he takes quite another line
And escapes from its close confine.

Out of the window to the night !
On to the maze
Of the wild roof-ways,
And fumbling to left and right
For a pathway, blind his sight—

Making thro' rain and wind
O'er the water tubs.
While his shin he rubs
With a hot confused mad mind,
Not a care for the wife behind.

R*B*RT BR*WN*NG

Swifter and still more swift
To the empty street
Doth he fly full fleet,
I the white blind do uplift
To see him make his shift.

Then I—to my wife, I too
Feel my hands dilate
Two thumbs and fingers eight,
And I give her a blow or two
For I see my belief come true—

For there I have drawn, I know,
Blood from her lip.
As my fingers dip
In a stream which down doth flow
On her cheeks ; for her hair I go.

Ha ! was the hair so first ?
What, only a wig !
Man alive ! I dig
Through my brain for a rich outburst
And hold out the thing accurst.

Like a billiard ball so fine
See her rounded head
With all its glory shed.
As I go upstairs, I whine,
“ Take it, for it is thine.”

R*B*RT BR*WN*NG

Now—now—her step is heard ;
Hark—the stairs and near,
Nearer—and here—
Now—and at knock the third
She enters without a word.

On doth she march and on
To her fancy bed
Feeling so dead
Herself now—the thing is done
And the sheets and she are one.

To her I say—Do thou
That ownest the purse
Yet will not disburse
To your husband, listen now
For a time (oh stop that row)

I admonish you while I may
Not to squander cash
On such mesmeric trash
You've paid your price to-day ;
What's his price, who can say ?

CH*RL*S K*NGSL*Y

55. *O Polly, Go, and put the Kettle on.*

“O POLLY, go, and put the kettle on—
And put the kettle on,
And put the kettle on
Across the fire for tea ! ”

The laundry maid was wild and dank wi' foam,
So all alone went she.

The creeping flames crept up along the coke,
And o'er and o'er the coke,
And round and round the coke,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding smoke came out and made her choke—
And on her back fell she.

“Oh, is it sole, or plaice or bloater there—
A pair o' bloaters there,
O' Yarmouth bloaters there,
Above the hob, they see ? ”

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Cut up in steaks for tea !

CH*RL*S K*NGSL*Y

They dipped her head inside the rolling foam,
 The sticky, soapy foam,
 The sticky laundry foam,
Till her eyes began to see :
And now the footmen see her put the kettle on
 Upon the fire for tea.

CH*RL*S K*NGSL*Y

56.

Early Bacon

EARLY bacon, early bacon !
O, a pleasant sight to see,
Sires come down for early bacon,
With an egg and pot of tea.

Early bacon, early bacon !
O, the happy hours I fed,
Deep in joy on early bacon,
Coming from a comfy bed.

Early bacon, early bacon !
That's the breakfast dish for me,
All alone with early bacon,
With the paper on my knee !

W*LT WH*TM*N

57.

Taxation

I.

WHAT shall I tax? What are my budgets?

II.

The country is mine—my taxations. Tax freely,
Tax without end—I offer the country to you wherever
Your feet can carry you or your eyes reach.

III.

Why! who minds much about taxation?
As to me, I know nothing else but taxation,
Whether I walk the streets of Cardiff,
Or dart my sight over mansions toward the sky,
Or see the unclaimed land along the beach, just at the edge
of the water,
Or see the coverts for pheasants in the woods,
Or talk with the supporters whom I love—or dine at night
with anyone I love,

Or sit at table with Masterman or Alfred Mond,
 Or look at millionaires opposite me riding in the car,
 Or watch tax collectors busy with their schedules collecting
 the cash,
 Or stags staggering in the forests,
 Or grouse grouching on the moor—or the partridges in the
 fields or in the hot-pot,
 Or the wonderful collection of Royal Academy paintings—
 or the stars on the stage, so quiet and modest,
 Or whether I go amongst those I like best and that like me
 best, manufacturers, millionaires and such like,
 Or among the doctors—a sore point—or to the golf-
 courses,
 Or stand a long while looking at the movements of the
 newspaper press—especially Harmsworth and Garvin's,
 Or behold the labour party at football matches,
 Or the admirable sight of Winston Churchill in a
 submarine,
 Or my own eyes and figure in the glass ;
 These with the rest, one and all, suggest taxation,
 The whole objecting, yet each marked out and in their
 places.

IV

To me every hour of the light and the dark is for taxation,
 Every inch of space is for taxation,
 Every square or terrace on the surface of the land is doomed
 for the same,
 Every cubic foot of the rooms inside are fit for the same,

Every yard of calico—the pictures—the pianos—the gramophone—the bird-cage—the clothes-horse—the tooth-pick—the bed-warmer—the bed with its blankets and sheets and all that in them is—

All these to me are certainly made for taxation.

V

The bad landlords,

Leading unnatural lives, eating large dinners,

Shooting birds and animals in the woods ; here are some of their names :—

Bedford, Buccleuch, Westminster, Cadogan, Sutherland, Argyll, Portman and Abercorn,

Devonshire, Haddington, Powerscourt, Calthorpe, Rosebery, Norfolk, Breadalbane.

I would mention also Durham, Crewe, Chesterfield, Lincolnshire, Beauchamp, Granard, Aberdeen, Ashby St. Ledgers, Cowdray and others, but they might be hurt ;

Collecting rents in the shires, they raise rents, they evict, charging big rents for water and land and uninhabitable huts,

Keeping servants with powdered heads and their own heads not fit for powder and shot ;

Thin heads, thick heads, lean heads, fat heads, dead heads, heads I win and tails you lose :

Heads fit for the block, block-heads, heads of houses, heads housed in coronets, red heads, black heads, peroxide heads, Whig heads—heads with wigs—heads of schools, heads of matches, headaches, headpieces, head waiters, head-overheels, head and shoulders :

Heads with polished tiles and heads with a tile off, heads with bees in their bonnets—not busy bees but drones, heads commonly called “balmy on the crumpet,” heads above water and water-on-the-heads, headforemost, headlands, headlongs, heads of every description.

VI.

Oh the budget! Oh henceforth—

Taxation, brave, non-adjustable, turbulent, quick and audacious,

A world of confiscation—vistas of money incessant,

A new age, wiping out previous ones, and grander far with new tones,

New policies, new cabinet ministers, new manners and arts, new clothes, new brooms, new leaves—

These my voice announcing—I will stop at nothing, but arise—

Your cheers have made me drunk with joy.

Here I feel you—the crowd, fathomless,

Stirring, perspiring and preparing unprecedented changes and storms.

See Utopia beaming through my budgets.

See in my budgets, landlords and capitalists clearing out and flying.

See for the people, the deer forest, the grouse butt, the foxhounds, the rowing boat, the spillikin, the tiddlywink and the ping-pong.

See on the one side the flying aristocracy and on the other the coming people, how they advance upon my moneybags, and like the daughters of the horse-leech cry:
“Give, give.”

See pastures and forests in my budgets : see animals wild and tame, cats and dogs, white mice and black, countless herds of asses feeding on thistles.

See in my budgets, town houses and country houses, squash courts and police courts : perambulators and curling stones.

See ploughmen ploughing up lawn tennis courts, see miners owning the mines ; see the syndicalists owning factories.

See mechanics presiding over Vickers Maxim, Armstrong Whitworth and Brunner Mond.

See prisoners trying judges, Tommies drilling Colonels ; see the Peers in corduroys and the Labour Party in silk and ermine.

See lounging through the golf courses and palaces of the land, me, the well beloved by day and by night.

Hear the loud songs about my budgets.

See me top-dog at last, top-dog with top-hat—a topper.

Oh a word to clear my path ahead definitely,

Oh, something ecstatic and unmentionable

O !

Oh now I triumph hand in hand with myself,

A wonderful pleasure—one more step upwards,

Haste on ! Haste ! with me.

FR*D*R*CK L*CK*R-L*MPS*N

58. *A Terrible Infant*

I RECOLLECT a nurse called Ruth,
Who wheeled me in a pram,
And one warm day a fine big youth
Came up and kissed the pretty lamb :
She did not give her lips ablution
Think I, *It is a game !*
When I grow up I'll do the same !
—And that's my earliest resolution.

M*TTH*W ARN*LD

59.

Suffrageland
(*A Fragment*)

I. *The Meeting*

AGAIN I see my foes at hand,
The suffragettes are here ;
Miss Christabel walks down the Strand,
Policeman in the rear.

I know that dauntless figure fair,
Those eyes of fiercest hue ;
I know that proud determined air,
Watching the men in blue.

Again I try to ope my lips ;
To me there comes a wire ;
“ Ye gods ! a most tremendous tip ! !
‘ Be counsell’d and retire.’ ”

Ye suffragettes with hope so buoyed,
What would ye have with me ?
Ah, warn the more ambitious Lloyd
And let old Herbert be !

2. *Parting*

Ye storm fiends of Pankhurst !
 Who rush by, who break
 The windows, and angry
 The shopkeepers make ;
 Who cross to the post-box
 Thick sprinkled with notes,
 While the coppers grip firmly
 Your hands at their throats—
 Ye are bound for the lock up !
 Ah ! with you I won't go
 Where your cold, distant manner,
 Your shouting of "No "
 Where the warders give meekly
 Your skilly and tea ;
 How deep is your scheme dear !
 You wish to be free !

But at the door, whose voice is this I hear,
 Buoyant as Cecil's and as Redmond's clear ?
 Say, has some suffrage haunted Nuneham lawn,
 Lent it the music of its trees at dawn ?
 Or was it from Dublin playhouse burnt
 That the loud voice its fearsome clamour learnt ?
 Ah, it comes nearer—,
 Policemen, this way !

Quick, fasten the window,
 The rushing crowds tell,
 Where David Lloyd George is,
 Ring Downing Street's bell.

M*TT*H*W ARN*LD

Where the taxes creep upward,
And the tax strangled roar ;
There the suffragettes batter
The firmly chained door.
'They come, O ye taxer .
Of landlords ! they come !

But who is this, by the half open'd door,
Whose hammer casts a shadow on the floor ?
The sweet blue eyes, the soft brown coloured hair,
The cheek that lets her enter anywhere—
And butler's " lip," with an arch smile that tells
The unconquer'd cause in which her spirit dwells—
Ah ! she comes nearer—
Policeman, this way !

Hark ! the crowd rushes past us !
Ah ! from them let me go
To the clear open golf course
Of Deal, Westward Ho !
There to watch o'er the whin bush
The big bunkers rise,
Where the topped ball onrushes
To difficult lies.
There in dusty brown Harris
My limbs I will spread ;
There the half-stroke, the push shot,
And the ball lying dead.
No life, but at moments,
The caddie's voice glum.
I come, O ye golf-links !
Ye bunkers, I come !

M*TTH*W ARN*LD

Forgive me ! forgive me !
Ah, Christabel, fain
Would my views stretch to hold you
But I don't see the gain.

In the vague air, towards thee
My broad views are cast ;
But a sea rolls between us,
Our different past !

To the views, ah ! of others
Your views have been prest ;
And others, like Winston,
Have thought them the best ;

Far, far from each other
My colleagues have grown ;
And whose views fit another
Ah ! who knows his own ?

Hang your cause ! take me from it !
Your force I can't stem.
Stand firmly, O colleagues !
Around the P.M.

To thee fate is granted
A chief never done—
To be always open
To please every one.

M*TTH*W ARN*LD

Ah ! calm you, my ladies ;
And dry up your threats
On the wild suffrage platforms,
Where passion ne'er sets ;

Where the white girls, with hammers,
Stretch out angry paws—
In the face of their men folk
Who smile at their cause.

M*TTH*W ARN*LD

60.

Asquith

O'THERS answer our questions—Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge! You to pass the Bill
Would, with your peers, uncrown His Majesty;

Planting some hundred barons, five or three,
Making the Upper House your voting place,
Sparing the plutocratic of the race
'To the foil'd scheming of democracy;

And then, when asked to name the peers to be,
Self-schooled, self made, self honoured, self secure,
You use a phrase unguessed at—"Wait and see."

Such snubs the Opposition must endure,
All questions which they put, all doubts they raise,
Find their reply in that Asquithian phrase.

SYDN*Y D*B*LL

61. *The Royal Academy*

THE murmurs of the daily Press
That guard the Arts called Fine,
“Oh, Royal Academy,
The horrors of thy Line ! ”

“ Academy, Academy,
The merry names we read,
‘ In the gloaming,’ ‘ Morning,’ ‘ Ill,’
And ‘ Through the silver mead.’

“ Academy, Academy,
The style beneath disdain,”
The Press that guards the nation’s Art
Writes off in this refrain.

It writes its pars in penny lines,
It writes so full of scorn,
Till members of Academy
Wish they had ne’er been born.

Associates paint, the members send
 Their pretty pictures nine ;
 Oh, Royal Academy,
 The horrors of thy Line !

Year after year, the same old game
 Comes, "Evening in a glow,"
 And still they hang the same old view
 With sheep among the snow.

The problem picture "Foul or Fair,"
 The chocolate box so fine ;
 Oh, Royal Academy,
 The horrors of thy Line !

We lay our pens upon the style,
 The style so poor and old,
 The public that goes gaping by
 Says nought that can be told.

Yet strange it is from year to year
 They sit them down and dine ;
 Oh, Royal Academy,
 The horrors of thy Line !

But pause awhile, here Sargent hangs,
 Here Lavery doth appear ;
 The ancient style is not alone,
 They've got an Orpen here !

We make our immemorial moan
 Despite these pictures fine ;
 "Oh, Royal Academy,
 The horrors of thy Line !"

G**RG* M*R*D*TH

62. *Colour of the Briar*

O BRIAR-TONES, on yon brown bowl
Of warm Carreras' honey sweet,
You haunt me like a black bull's-eye
With colours mingled frank but neat :
When she and I, with bawbee bucked
Outside the sweetie-shop did meet,
In equal halves a big one sucked,
And licked our fingers for a treat.

That splendour of a bull's-eye,
Among our lost in Britain now
Was brown of rind, and redolent
Of pictures of Paul Potter's cow
The briar gives it back, well nigh
The damsel with her tongue on it ;
Her sucking between frank and shy
My greed to bite where she had bit.

G**RG* M*R*D*TH

63. *Dirge Under Wood*

A MAN hands the wines,
And below
See a breadth of wild hair ;
Still as the bottles in row
On the flooring and under the chairs,
On the sofa here and there.
The wine-tree drops its dead ;
They are quiet as men with a hump,
Swollen heads, swollen heads.
We drank wine at a pace,
As the cars the roads chase ;
And we go.
And we drop like logs with a thump
Even we,
Even so.

CHR*ST*N* R*SS*TT*

64. *Somewhere or Other*

SOMEWHERE or other there must surely
The face not seen—a note I bring,
The maid that not yet—never yet, ah me!
Makes answer to my ring.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far,
Past door and hall: clean or a fright?
Beyond the dining room, beyond the stair
That breaks her back at night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near;
With just a head of tangled hair;
With just the leavings of her master's beer,
Asleep on a kitchen chair.

CHR*ST*N* R*SS*TT*

65.

MY heart is like a hare of March
Gone mad upon "a balmy" lea ;
My heart is like a maniac
Whose words are hot with devilry ;
My heart is like a hatter mad
Within whose bonnet hums a bee ;
My heart is madder than all these,
Because your bill has come to me.

Raise me a loan at interest small ;
Sell all my wares with purple lies ;
Pawn all my hats and handkerchiefs
And silk socks and a hundred ties ;
Get me some gold and silver coins,
Some notes and coppers speedily ;
Because the curse-day of my life
Is come, your bill has come to me.

AD*M L*NDS*Y G*RD*N

66. *The Sick Stock Broker*

HOLD hard, Ned! Let me down once more; I'm
feeling awful queer,
Old man, you've had your work cut out to pay
Our clients, and to keep me off the whiskey and the beer,
All through this darned infernal "settling day,"
The mine of "Gullalotta" was a rotter first and last,
The East Rands were a squib infernal damp,
I was buying Rubbers madly when Arbuthnot's tip was passed;
I was bulling "Steels" I thought them on the ramp;
I bought a lot of Telephones and sharply they did slump,
The Government award came like a bolt,
When Southward rose the War Scare with the Balkans all
ajump
Which dropped the price of P & O and Holt;
Then Westward tumbled Canadas and Argentines were dull
We in each case were bulls of quite enough.
On the right side at our first go, our Exchequer fairly full,
We used the Investor's cash, and gave them stuff.
Five years, I think I call it, from our starting to our fall,
When a big thing loomed above us like an arch

'Twas then we ran that Dago down who raised up such a
squall

Eight years ago—or was it nine? last March.

'Twas shaky in the early morn beside a morning glass,

To wonder as we wondered many a time,

And blow the cool tobacco cloud and watch the white tape
pass,

Getting nervous as a price did slowly climb;

'Twas better in the evening when we spied a chance for
buyers,

To 'phone the wild investor from the Yard

With a running fire of Stock tips, an incessant run of wires,

Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard.

Then we had some glorious dealings with the Yankee and his
gang,

When they roped in some investors who were flats,

How the crispy banknotes crackled, how the piles of "thick
'uns" rang,

Two good shots were "Mountaineers" and "Tit for tats";

Hard hit we were with Timbers, harder still with that chap
Keith,

Closing quickly through the tea share slump we dashed,

When the great gilt edged securities rumbled underneath,

And the English railway market, how it crashed;

We worked one stunt throughout, Ned, it's a chestnut you
will say,

When a Jew boy left ten thousand pounds behind;

Then we started our short options, and the public had to pay—

It was check, with faked advices for a blind;

Then you gambled with some Kaffirs, they were booming, it
was said,

And we stood together when the market queered.
 We blazed away and sold out in a shaky market, Ned ;
 A narrow shave—you bought too late I feared !

In these hours when cash is ebbing, how those days when we
 were flush
 Come back to us, how seldom did we “part”
 On the mines Jack Smart exploited and the shares that Jem
 did push,
 And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Smart ?

Ah, nearly all the brokers of the rare old Bucket shops,
 Our faithless boon companions, Ned, are gone,
 Hard liars for the most part, somewhat careless of the
 “cops,”

It seems that you and I are left alone.
 There was Hughes who got in trouble through that business
 with the shares,
 It matters little what became of that ;
 But a “bull” ripped up Macpherson when Briggs was
 selling “bears”
 And Sullivan was swamped in Allsopp’s Vat ;
 And Mostyn, cute Frank Mostyn, fled at last to dodge a ’tec,
 And is making quite a pile and going strong ;
 And Charley Brook the jobber with the tin shares came a
 wreck,
 Faith, the wonder was he saved his face so long

Ah those days and weeks we covered with the Logans and
 their men ;
 ‘The Logans’ wild cat schemes have long been dead.

AD*M L*NDS*Y G*RD*N

Logan's tallest tale seemed taller than your own, dear Neddy's
then ;

And, Ned, you are a liar born and bred !

I've had my share of profits and I've had my share of spoil,
And I am short—they'll hammer me all right ;
I care not now to tarry for the copper or the oil
Or for mines that madeth flush the Wernher Beit ;
For bulls undone and bears gone wrong and speculations
vain,

'Tis somewhat late to trouble, so I won't :
I should tell the same lies over, if I had to lie again,
And the chances are I'd do what most men don't.

The London skies grow dusky and the tall black lamps grow
dim,

The street beneath me seems to heave and fall,
That sickly smoking shag has caused my head to swim,
I'm seeing stars without a name at all ;
Let me slumber in the gutter with a grog-be-blossomed nose,
With curbing stone or rail to rest my head ;
If the sturdy station copper the lock-up does propose,
I may chance to see you jumping on his head.

J*M*S TH*MS*N

67.

Gifts

GIVE a man a horse he can't ride,
Give a man a boat he can't sail ;
And his nerve and stealth, his strength and health,
On sea and shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can't smoke,
Give a man a meal he can't eat ;
And his home he'll fright with his language bright,
Though the room be dull and neat.

Give a man a wife he can't love,
As I, O my love, love thee,
And at her he'll rate, with the tongue of Kate,
At home, on land, on sea.

ALG*RN*N CH*RL*S SW*NB*RN*

68. *Hunger Striking*

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister, swallow !
Take with good heart the food of the spring ;
A thousand suppers are over and done,
What have you gained by the strike you follow ?
What do you mean by that song you sing ?
What will you do when the supper is gone ?

O swallow, sister, O fair girl, swallow !
Why must I put a long tube to thy south,
The soft south whither your food is sent ?
Shall not a pain like the old one follow ?
Shall not your tongue therein cleave to the mouth ?
Have you forgotten you may repent ?

Sister, my sister, O these sweets swallow !
Your face is long with the ache and the drouth ;
While I, full filled to my heart's desire,
Seeing your cheeks so blanched, and so hollow,
Your shrivelled body and thin white mouth
Feel my heart grow grey with ire.

Must the food the long tube go through?
 O swallow, sister, O please do swallow!
 All the food till the food be done,
 Food which is light, O as light as the dew.
 Eat, while the chops and the wild fowls follow,
 Take this and swallow and find it fun.

Sister, my sister, this soft food swallow,
 With all things feast in the best guest-chamber
 How have you strength to be free thereof yet?
 For as you're lying you seem so hollow,
 The cause forget and food remember,
 Your courage great I shall ne'er forget.

Swallow, my sister, O drink and swallow!
 I know not how you have heart to sing,
 Bring lips apart—let it all pass over,
 This piece of salmon is good to follow,
 And nice the wings of this chicken of spring,
 And what do you say to these eggs of plover?

O swallow, sister, O swiftly swallow!
 Your tongue I see is a molten ember,
 And over your head are beads of sweat.
 But you would tarry and simply loll oh!
 I can't forgo—you must remember—
 You must remember I can't you let.

O sweet stray sister, O shift this, swallow!
 The first division provideth so!
 Your frame is light as a leaf of a tree;
 But mine goes forth like a strong Apollo.
 To the place of the eating I shortly go,
 The lunch of Savoy, the Carlton tea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid, swallow!

I pray you eat for a little space.

I see your eyes, and your cheeks are wet

The falling tear that was plain to follow,

The small thin body, the sphinx-like face,

The mouth so tightened, the teeth hard set!

O sister, sister, I think this rotten,

Your hands are loosed and the feet may follow.

The voice of the Pankhurst's crying yet,

Who hath remembered me! Who hath forgotten?

You've not forgotten, you will not swallow,

And the cause shall end when you forget.

R*B*RT B*CH*N*N

69.

I DO not write for Critics. They are noses
Blowing along the pathway that I tread :
No feebler things the authors' world imposes,
And they are swollen as a morning head ;
Cursed be all the papers, day and night
Their bitter spleen is by me as I write.

I do not write for Mr. Andrew Lang,
To give him joy I have no dainty theme,
When weary with his classic *sturm und drang*
He turns out fairy stories by the ream ;
Nor can I write him Iliad sonnets bred
Of too much Homer on a Celtic head.

I do not write always in witty tone
For those "thin" plays the over-fed pursue,
Nor do I write for Beerbohm Tree alone,
I write for Gatti and Adelphi too,
Ah would that plays I write to suit my whims
Might pay as Barrie's or as George R. Sims'.

I write of all poor outcasts, in rhymes fleet ;
 Rhymes when I'm wild I to the press indite ;
 I write of poets trampled down like wheat
 Under the heel of vogue in Art's despite ;
 I write to rouse those scribbling shapes one sees
 In the cold harvest field of journales.

I write for dead-heads (let no man rejoice
 Till that last piteous touch of all is given)
 I write for praise and blame with equal voice,
 Praise watching blame, and blame I get, by heaven,
 I have gone deep far down the infernal stair,
 And seen the critics congregating there.

I go for Moore (" Young Man as Critic ") hot,
 I go for Archer's Solecistic fume,
 I go for Swinburne and his erotic lot,
 I write " The Fleshly School " with nom de plume ;
 Critics in hosts have praised Rossetti long,
 And so do I, admitting I was wrong.

O hush a space the sound of critics' spleen,
 The motives base which they to me impute ;
 Strange it appears that when their gibes are seen,
 My focs are dazzled and my friends are mute ;
 But Hutton, Lecky and a few more fair,
 They twine *immortelles* in the poet's hair.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAGHNESSY

70.

Ode

WE are the window-breakers,
And we are the schemers of schemes,
Wandering by Nuneham acres
Or letting off feminine steams,
Men-losers and men-forsakers
On whom Miss Pankhurst gleams :
Yes, we are blighters and shakers
Of the peace for ever, it seems.

With doggerel rhymeless ditties
We sing in the towns and cities,
And sneer at the fabulous story
Ribs fashioned a woman's glory !
One girl, with a bomb, at pleasure
Shall go forth and frighten a town,
And three with some oil in measure
Can fizzle an " Empire " down.

We in the ages lying
In the storied past of its raids,
Corioli saved with our crying,
And Paris we fed by our jades ;
Now to-day we are prophesying
To the young of the suffrage worth ;
For man's rule is a farce that is dying
Ours one that is coming to birth.

ANDR*W L*NG

71.

Lauder

L AUDEr, thy songs men liken to the bee
With all its store of honey in your tone,
And hums that haunt the red dominion
Of Heather, and light thrills that laugh in glee
Across the Halls enchanted ; yea, to me
Thy songs recall the muse, of source unknown
That kindled Burns' fame, a lyric throne
In his song-nurtured land, eternally.

No prouder I than men who cry "encore "
To find thy merry ditties selling fast
Enough, thy songs make bright our native shore
On gramophones, rolling out their vast,
Their varied flood, that murmur evermore
Of stars well-known in Empires of the past.

ANDR*W L*NG

72.

'Tis Odd I See

A S one that for a weary hour has lain
Bored by the chat of nurses in a line
In gardens near the stream of Serpentine,
When that pellucid stream gets on my brain
And only the shrill tongues of babes complain,
And sturdy guardsmen as wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to hear the shine
Made by a crowd in the wide streets again,
So gladly, from the bores of modern speech
Men turn and call their cars and hear the hus-
tling calls for cabs by servants' whistling powers,
And through the silence of the midnight hours,
They hear, like coal-carts on a cobbled reach,
The surge and thunder of the motor-bus.

W*LL**M ERN*ST H*NL*Y

73.

OUT of the mud which covers me,
Black as my hat from head to sole,
I thank the friendly referee
For our unconquerable goal.

In the fell clutch of quarter backs
I have not funkcd or swore aloud,
Under rough batterings and hacks
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this game of kicks and mauls
Looms but the malice of the mob,
And yet the menace of their calls
Finds and shall find me "on the job."

It matters not how good their back,
How straight the drop towards the pole,
I am the captain of the pack ;
I am the keeper of the goal.

W*LL**M ERN*ST H*NL*Y

74.

WHAT is to come we know not. But we knew
That what has been was bad—was bad the stew
And worse the game and worst of all the wine;
We are the martyrs who were asked to dine.
We have eat, we have drunk, we have suffered.
. always do.

Must we then drink the dregs who had the flow?
Wine was our friend, now if it be our foe—
Dear, tho' it rack and ache us—need we drink
What is to come?

Let the cheap wines then worst and sweetest flow
(Which the old waiter told me mellows slow),
We have full filled ourselves and we can swear
And we can shock her, though we may not share
In the cheap poison of the cigar-glow
Which is to come.

R*B*R'T L***S ST*V*NS*N

75.

Legs in Trousers

I N Scotland I put on my kilt
To show the way my knees are built.
In England put my legs to bed
And wear a pair of breeks instead.

I have to wear the breeks and see
The visitors who come to tea,
And wonder how their great big feet
Come through their trouser legs so neat.

And does it not seem hard, I've said,
When both my knees are strong and red
And I should like my kilt to use
To have to go to Church in trews?

R*B*RT L***S ST*V*NS*N

76.

A Thought

I T is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink
With little children saying "More,"
Unless their "tums" are feeling sore.

ST. J*HN H*NK*N

77.

Disgustibus

I AM an unambitious man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning Dukes whene'er I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every day a sweating band
Of climbers think it very grand

To spend their time for weeks and weeks
With thinning purse and pallid cheeks
Trying to reach exclusive cliques.

In fact, I'm dull enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A Duchess talking to her beau
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see her *in the Row*?

ST. J*HN H*NK*N

Why leave the hospitable plain
And seek the smart with toil and pain
Merely to lunch there once a reign?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To shake the hand of a Marquis,
Or at a squash to drink his fizz,

To search for titles far and wide
Supported by a wife who's tied—
Not too securely—to your side ;

For such, expenses it is clear,
In the aspiring epicier
Are unusually severe.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
When snubs and icy looks surround,
Wishes himself on humbler ground.

So I a snob who no one dubs
Won't leave my comfortable clubs
For regions of perpetual snubs,

As long as I can serve my ends
Warmed by some faithful, kindly friends
A wife that neither asks nor lends.

And anyone who leaves my share
Of humble pals and simple fare
May take all Burke for aught I care !

ST. J*HN H*NK*N

78. *Macbeth's Soliloquy*
 (Newest Style)

I N days lang syne in Scotland I
Was fashed by ghosts and ghouls and witches,
And now I ken the reason why
I drappit into mony ditches.
I spiered "Is this a dagger?" then—
Because ma morning nips were ten.

Methocht I heard braw Donalbain,
Yince I was prodding puir auld Duncan,
Cry out, it sounded like "Amen"
—Ma heid for prayers is sadly shrunken—
The reason will be clear, ye see
Ma nips were ten instead o' three.

Puir raw kneed Banquo—I believed
That ye had wiles tae mak' me scunner,
And sae, though since I'm undeceived
I gave your vertebrae a oner.
The ghost which a'my slumber botches
Arises from too mony Scotches.

ST. J*HN H*NK*N

Ma Queen, she tumbled down the stair
When I had made for freend, the bottle ;
My heavy tippling habits were
The cause of Macduff at my throttle,
He ripped me wi' his sgean dhu
He thought I'd "Held enough " for two !

Now blythesome, therefore, they who fix
Their mind our methods Pythagorean
A dish o' tea at twelve and six
A maxim wise ye'll find a hoary 'un.
The practice of avoiding toasts
Will save you from a lot of ghosts.

G. S. WHYT* M*LV*LL*

79.

Good-bye

FOLDING leaves and fading light,
Lines of cabs on a summer night,
Waiters passing by you and me ;
The people are making them ready to fly
Winding out to the cloak-room nigh.
Good-bye, Supper ! Good-bye, Good-bye !

Hush ! A voice from the landlord gay !
“ Gentlemen, please,” he seems to say,
“ All the suppers are done for to-day
“ The cook is gone—the cups are dry,
“ The door must shut and the lamp must die.
Good-bye, Gents ? Good-bye, Good-bye ! ”

“ What are you waiting for ? Out you dart !
“ Tip me straight on the palm ! and start !
“ Again ! Again ! Oh part ! oh part !
“ What are you waiting for, there’s your fly ?
“ A pleading look, a stifled cry.”
Good-bye, no never ! Good-bye—Good-bye !

L*W*S C*RR*LL

80.

Jabberclocky

'T WAS Birrell and the Asquith coves
Did gloat and giggle by the Mace
All "Mond" sy were the cheaper loaves
And the Mem Labs out-face.

"Beware the Jabberclock, my son!
The hands that move, the times to map,
Beware the Lulu bird, and run
The Tory Banbury snap."

He took his Bonar clause in hand
Long time the Home Rule foe did reach
And gestured like a Beerbohm Tree
And stood awhile in speech.

And as in angry speech he stood,
The Jabberclock, with face so tame,
Came ticking through its case of wood
And threatened as it came.

L*W*S C*RR*LL

'Tick-tock, tick-tock, from side to side,
The pendulum went tick-a-tack.
It left him dumb and with his tongue
Its arm went swinging back.

"And hast been slain by Jabberclock?
Come to the bar, my squeamish boy."
"O fractious crowd, Horoo, Hurray,"
They chortled in their joy.

'Twas Birrell and the Asquith coves,
Did gloat and giggle by the Mace,
All "Mond" sy were the cheeperloaves,
And the Lab Mems out-face.

A. J. C.

81.

The Renegade

O H, 'twas in the House St. Stephen's,
Mid the Preferential gale
That a young fellow was over-bored
With a party getting stale.
So away he went with a conscience light,
So quickly forth went he,
Until he came to a radical
On the bench of the Treasury.

Chorus: Singing, God save Ireland, Ireland blocks the way
But Tories never, never, never shall be—
Ratting all to a rad-i-cal
On the bench of the Treasury.

He did unfold such a beautiful tale
And gave him his big fat hand
“We've long been waiting for you, my boy,
Now welcome here, that's grand.

A. J. C.

Go back to the Tories for the last time
And tell them all from me,
That you've ratted all to a rad-i-cal
On the bench of the 'Treasury.'

Chorus: Singing, God save Ireland, etc.

We sent a Whip to look for him
Expecting he had resigned,
When up he came with a bang and a shout,
And I. I., twice underlined.
"My comrades and my colleagues,
O, look not hard at me
For I've ratted all to a rad-i-cal
On the bench of the 'Treasury.'"

Chorus: Singing, God save Ireland, etc.

"In my chest you'll find some speeches fine
And other good Tory fare,
Now give me a hand while I turn my coat,
Though it's much the worse for wear.
My principles to young Marlborough take,
Tell him not to weep for me,
Though I've ratted all to a rad-i-cal
On the bench of the 'Treasury.'"

Chorus: Singing God save Ireland, etc.

A. J. C.

His words were weighed and the lips upcurled
And our jibes were getting free,
When up we went to Prince Arthur
And the tale we told to he,
And Arthur went to the table side
And quite low whispered he :
“ Be happy as you can with Lloyd George, my man,
On the bench of the Treasury.”

Chorus : Singing, God save Ireland, etc.

ANONYMOUS

82. *The Tearing of the Green*

○ PETHICK dear and did you hear the news that's
going round?

That golfing is forbid by us to play on English ground,
The Championship no more they'll keep, the holes cannot be
seen,

For there's a splendid game afoot for tearing up the green.
I met with Christie Pankhurst and she took me by the hand,
And said she "How goes dull England and how does it
stand?"

It's the most exciting country that ever yet was seen,
For they're slanging men and women for tearing up the
green.

Then since the letters you must wear are W.S.P.U.
'Twill serve but to remind us of the things that we must do,
They may take the leaders from their work and cast them
into gaol,

But never fear they'll hunger strike and so confound the
male.

When laws can stop the panes of glass from breaking as they
break,

And when the members of the cause their bombs they dare
not make,

Then I will change the letters that on my chest are seen,
But till that day, by Heavens, I'll stick to tearing up the
green.

ANONYMOUS

83.

Yon Peel

D'YE ken yon peel, with its coat so gay ?
D'ye ken yon peel on the pavement lay ?
D'ye ken yon peel, where I fell to-day ?
On my head and my hands in the morning.

For the slip of my foot brought me on my head,
And the cry of my "Hang," not the word I said ;
Peel down below, which someone had shed,
On the path from his mouth in the morning.

Yes, I ken yon peel and the tumble too,
Cursing and swearing, black marks and blue,
From a slip to a fall, from a fall to a view,
To a view of some stars in the morning.

Then cursed be yon peel with my heart and soul,
It's ruined my eyes, they're as black as coal,
Then swallow your peel, though fair or though foul,
Or you'll put some blue eyes into mourning.

D'ye ken yon peel with its coat so gay ?
It lay on the path once on a day,
Now it has gone far, far away,
To make marmalade in the morning.

B*YN*S B*VLY

84. *She Wore a Skirt of Roses*

(Suggested by the case of a performer whose contract was broken by the manager owing to complaints from the audience. On losing her case in the courts the girl burst into tears.)

SHE wore a skirt of roses,
The night when first she played ;
Her lovely face was smiling,
She stepped on unafraid ;
Her costume had the lightness,
Her skin a lovely tone,
The token of a former age,
When garments were unknown ;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her faced
With the skirt of summer flowers
Around her snowy waist.

A skirt of orange blossom
When next she played she wore ;
Th' expression of her costume
Was more thoughtless than before ;
And standing by her side was one
Who asked her but in vain,

To take her leave from that great stage
 She ne'er would see again ;
 I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her storm,
 With the skirt of orange blossom
 Around her snowy form.

And once again I see her now,
 No dancing skirt is there ;
 A woman's sombre dress conceals
 The figure slim and fair :
 She weeps through want of fortitude,
 But there is someone near
 To press her now to do a turn
 Upon a stage much freer ;
 I saw her broken-hearted,
 Yet again I see her now
 In the pride of flowers and beauty,
 And no one makes a row.

A*ST*N D*BS*N

85.

Triolet

I INTENDED a hat,
And it turned to a bonnet.
In the shop as I sat
I intended a hat ;
My maid purchased that
With feathers stuck on it ;
I intended a hat ;
And it turned to a bonnet.

H*NRV N*WB*LT

86. *The Rake's Tum*¹

THE rake lies in his hammock, not a hundred yards
away,
(Patient art tha achin' there below?)
Slung atween the rowan tree, the chestnut and the bay,
A screamin' all the time for Bismuth Co.
Jarnders on his eyelids, jarnders on his lips,
With gout so bad, an achin' heel and toe ;
And his back teeth gnashin' and his inside splashin',
He feels it all as keenly as he felt it long ago.

¹ Tum, a very polite Elizabethan term, and used very much as the expression "Little Mary" is used to-day. In the verse of one Stodarto Walkerio, an Italian resident in London in the sixteenth century and a favourite of the Queen's, we find these lines :—

" Practitioner sulky and glum, glum,
His chin 'twixt his fingers and thumb, thumb,
Said, ' I shrewdly suspect, in fact I detect
It's only a pain in his tum, tum.' "

Pain in that region was known as Politic, and it is believed by etymologists that the word Mary is simply a corruption of Polly—"Tic" of course means "pain."

H*NRV N*WB*LT

The rake he was a London man and oft at London spree,
(Patient art tha achin' there below?)
Drinkin' though his gout came, he drank his port with ease,
An' takin' all the time of Bismuth Co.
"Take my tum to Broadbent, hang it, it is sore,
Rub it when the powder's running low.
If my innards start a crunchin' I'll give up port for luncheon,
And wrap them up in flannel as I wrapped them long ago."

The rake is in his hammock, till the great physicians come.
(Patient art tha achin' there below?)
Slung atween the rowan trees, a feelin' of his tum,
And screamin' all the time for Bismuth Co.
Cure him of dyspepsy, cure him till he's sound,
Cure him of the gout within his toe.
When the old ache's tryin' and the old gout's flyin',
They shall hear him swearin' awful as they heard him long
ago.

R*DY*RD K*PL*NG

87. *The English Golf*

WINDS of the links, give answer ! They are whimpering to and fro—

And what can they know of golfing who only slicing know ?
The poor little club bound people who vapour and yawn and scoff,

They are lifting their heads in their armchairs to sneer at our British golf !

Must we borrow a game from the Hindoo—is Polo the only sport ?

The cup tie games of Soccer—a Wimbledon tennis court ?

They dare not play at golfing ; the luck's so hard to bear.

What is the game of golfing ? winds of the links declare.

The North wind blew : “From Muirfield the big head Dreadnought hails ;

We bought our clubs from Ben Sayers where blow North Berwick gales ;

In the famed St. Andrews' fairways the hacked up divot flies,
And the sands in the Prestwick bunkers have blinded the caddies' eyes.

R*DY*RD K*PL*NG

We've hacked our balls with irons, we've cut up the links
with cleeks,
And oft to force the bunkers our Fairlie niblick speaks,
We've played a ball to a sand-drift, and missed it oft with a
'blast' ;
And they laugh, but the half-crown 'Colonel' flew free
ere the anger passed.

The small white ball I've seen it, in the long, long course of
Troon,
The Ayr man knew the standard of golf near the braes of
Doon ;
What is the game of Scotland ? Ye have but the roughs to
dare,
Ye have but the sand to conquer, go try and approach them
from there ! ”

The South wind sighed : “ From the sand dunes our Sand-
wich course was ta'en
Over a thousand sliced balls lost in the surging main !
Where the flat greens flame by the shingle and the long
backed bunkers frown
And a blast fresh blown from the Channel has brought a fine
score down.

Pulled amid lonely grass heaps, sliced amid curling seas,
They wake their friends to laughter, they toss the ball to the
breeze—
Never was mound so fearsome, never was drift so vast
But over the sand and the hillock a golfing ball has passed.

R*DY*RD K*PL*NG

He has wrenched it free from a bunker to land on the green
for a four ;

He has placed it dead from a bush stump battered and
hacked all o'er ;

He has cursed it oft when it's lying, missed on a hanging tee ;
But has swept it out with a brassie and won the hole in three.

The jigger of Braid has hacked it, the spoon has split its back,
Where the long grass fills the rough ground outside the fairway
track.

What is the game of England ? Ye have but my sand to dare,
Ye have but my drains to burrow, go forth for it is there ! ”

The East wind roared, “ From St. Andrews, the ancient
town I come,

And it men call ‘ the Mecca,’ for it is the golfers’ home.

Look—look well to your timing ! for the wash of my
‘ Swilcan ’ free

Has caught yon broad backed Maxwell and spoilt his best
from the tee !

One ploughed his way with an iron, with a mashie did loft
to heaven.

And in unnumbered bunkers with a niblick has taken seven !

He set his hand on the putter ; the circled hole he conned,
And he flung the white-washed rubber to roost in the rough
beyond.

Never a day there closes, never the Scots folk wake,
But a ball goes into the Swilcan that's lost for daring's sake.
Braid or Varden or Taylor, Maxwell or Ball or Low—
The best of the pick of the golfers, the wags of a topped
ball know.

The Bunkers' dust has dimmed it, the slicing wild man knows,
The scared beginner sends it across the sandy floes.

Where is the ball he played with? Ye have but asked of me
fair.

Ye have but the sands to dig in—Go forth, for it is there! ”

The West wind called—“ In squadrons the bad hit pulled
balls fly,

They strike the sheep and cattle to drop in a fearful lie.

Some make the roads their fairway, some make a house their
path,

Till the owners curse at the rubber and overwhelm them all in
their wrath.

They draw to the nearest bunker as a bird is drawn to a
snake,

They bellow ‘fore’ to the heavens, the frightened crossers
quake;

For golf is a very terror to those who stroll on the heath,

And they hear strange oaths about them and they walk in fear
of death.

But whether on field or seaside, whether on sand or clay,

We draw them all out to conquer or tear their hearts away,

Played in all scattered regions, under the world-spread sky,

Slipping between the bunkers, the golfing ball goes by.

The Eastern fog hath wrapped it—the Western dews have
kissed—

The Southern cross has seen it, a fellow star in the mist

What is the game of England? You have but the skill to
dare,

You have but the world to conquer—go forth for it is there.”

L*WR*NC* B*NY*N

88. *The Wife, Asleep*

WHEN I look down upon my wife held fast
 In her deep slumber (can it be but fake?)
 I shudder—lest the sodden thing should wake,
And scratch me with her lengthy claws, or cast
Her half glass in my face. All joy is past;
 I cannot from this woman's chain outbreak;
 Nor would I; for her beauty takes the cake
Save when I gaze too near; she paints at last!

Yea, she hath beauty, taken in the piece,
 But lengthy is the outshoot of her fangs,
 And the crowsfeet wind, and tell their tale.
Yet better far to bear her when she slangs,
 Than with no bank account my debts increase,
 Till at the last they rush me into gaol.

ALFR*D A*ST*N

89. *To London*

(Written in Mid-Channel, I don't think)

Soon upon London streets my feet shall stand,
Homeward from France where I have had a fling ;
And well I know the very kind of thing :
The waiters fawning in the Mall and Strand,
The scent of petrol-fumes, no chauffeurs bland ;
An Amazonian March, with hammers bare ;
The latest ragtime whistling through the air,
Will be my welcome in that foggy land.
Yes, he who likes his birthplace yonder, lies ;
Yet on his tongue a mood akin to scorn
For "parleyvoos" that speak in foreign wise
And don't say "wite" or "wich" or "crosss" or "gorn" ;
And gazing on the sod with sodden eyes
Curses the bleak blank town where he was born.

OW*N S**M*N

90. *Be 'earty, Silly !*

Or the truth about the wrong operation

FAREWELL, the Café's roar ! Farewell,
The wine list's meretricious treat !
I come to scent the healing smell
That emanates from Harley Street.

I fling—the details are unkind—
The food that aches my southern chest,
They say with certitude they'll find
Appendicitis of the best.

My palate craves no soothing Bis—
Muth Co. or Pilule Rhei brown
Nor asks for Seidlitz on the fizz
To wash Hydrarg. Perchloride down.

Fed up with milk (a sickly tap
On therapeutic custom based)
I on the bedding's linen nap
Repose a well embandaged waist.

I keep my lengthy ears awake,
 To catch, in accents rather gruff,
 'The nurse the surgeon's orders take :
Chloroformi quantum suff.

Out of a waking dream I start !
 Is that the car the surgeon brings ?
 I prick my ears, I hold my breath
The room is full of cutting things.

Blue bottles stand upon a chest ;
 Across my chamber flits a nurse ;
 And near, the bland Anæsthetist
 Lets out a sotto voce curse.

I hear the night nurse carry coals ;
 Below I hear the surgeon's hum ;
 A towel tentatively strolls
 Across my ori membranum.

I struggle tamely to and fro
 Three times I'm prodded with a pin
 I draw my breath (they told me to)
 And take the Chloroformum in.

For long in that uncertain light
 Two men against a myriad 'crobes.
 They urge the long unequal fight
 Now with the scalpel, now with probes.

The towel's off : my wakened brain
 The surgeon hears discuss the charge
 My face grows pale, the thing is plain,
 The fee he names is very large.

3.25. The thing has fled
 To seek a bottle's spirit bower ;
 Panting I lie upon the bed,
 And thus remain for half an hour.

I wake : I mop my beady head,
 Is it a burglar come to rob ?
 Only a nurse or so instead
 Seeking a lost aseptic swab.

Under the sheet I put a hand,
 To feel the place where I'm bereft ;
 And lo, beneath the bandage strand
 I feel the wound is on my left !

'Twas here he sliced : he vaguely heard :
 Performing for a distant ill :
 For what he sought he had not cared,
 But chose a random place at will !

The 5th I sought this London quack ;
 The 6th the donkey cut in vain ;
 The 7th I laid him on his back ;
 The 8th I caught him one again.

Farewell the Café's tempting roar !
 Farewell the wine list's subtle charms
 This invalid is as before
 A prey to colic's night alarms !

OW*N S**M*N

91.

I N Ireland, land of stew and Guinness,
Where heads require a deal of plaster,
The landlord's lot is grave and sinis-
-Ter and shadowed by disaster ;
One consolation he has got,
That Pat is not a first rate shot.

His habits you may learn from Dillon,
Whose round red face is ever tinkling,
He'll prove each landlord is a villain,
See " Freeman's " editor or inkling.
He shows the landlords brain restrictions,
His only thoughts concern evictions.

He never shunts the man who hale is,
Centenarians rouse his passions.
If Doctors breathe " Tabes Dorsalis "
He'll e'en forget to eat his rations,
He'll spurn his bread and snub his butter,
To hurl a cripple in the gutter.

ELL* WH**L*R W*LC*X

92.

Blasé

THE world has grown tired of its kisses,
The lips are hardened and cracked,
Cleopatras turned simpering misses
Mark Antonies boys to be smacked,
Romeo goes in for golfing,
And Tristan hunts in the shires
Pelleas, look at him scoffing
At love, and talking of tyres.

Melisande she works at a sampler
And Juliet smokes at the club;
Her waist grown considerably ampler,
Heloise she spouts from a tub;
Isolde, no longer heart breaking,
Is breaking our windows instead,
Nicolette, Aucassin is forsaking
An ancient stockbroker to wed.

With the march of new civilisation,
Great lips and great bosoms grow cold,
Even maids 'hind the bars at the station,
Are bored by the ogling of old :

No pressing of hands by the glasses
 No "darlings" and "duckies" and "dears"
 Merely tinkling of coin as it passes—
 A prosaic order for beers.

Our invertebrate brothers and sisters
 No longer embrace with a zest,
 Their lips hot burning to blisters,
 Their hearts making cracks in the chest.
 Our worshippers now in the fashion
 Associate weddings with cash,
 And we laugh at the woman whose passion
 Has made of her marriage a hash.

But you, like hot coals, red and fiery—
 Who love with a fizz and a bang,
 Though your name in the world may be miry
 You say to the world, "O go hang."
 Our limbs like our lips in upheaval
 Are warm like the sun at mid-day,
 And we'll cling with a fervour primeval—
 Although there's the devil to pay.

Publisher's Note

There are yards upon yards of these verses
 We vary the words with the price
 We've a nice little line labelled "Circes"
 Don't you think that last rhyme very nice?
 We have passion, spiced well with religion
 And religion mixed up with the De'il
 Emotions for breasts that are pigeon
 And figures as thin as an eel.

R. C. L*HM*NN

93.

The Rag Time

THE Ragtime here and the Ragtime there; beware of
the Ragtime, do!

It's a skippity, hippy, hoppy tune with a hug and a heave for two,
It's a skippity dance with a play of legs—oh the atmosphere
is warm;

But oh! beware of the Ragtime, do, and see that you take
no harm.

His head is as flat as a girdle cake, and there's not much
room to think!

His eyes have a fixed and hungry stare that should make a
maiden shrink.

Her face is a leer and her breath comes quick and I'm sorry
I can't say more,

For the look of the pair who shame their sex all night on
the ballroom floor.

But you can't judge girls by their looks, you know; this
girl has a wondrous way

Of being a wild apache by night, while she's only a girl by day:
A wild apache with her tossing curls and a grin that is broad
and bold,

And a reckless skirt and a waving plume and a topknot of
shining gold.

And forth to his Tango teas *he* goes, a gay and a freakish sight,
He's only an ordinary man by day, but a regular "Nut" by night.
He squirms and he curvets all night long as the star of the
ball-room floor,

And lo, at the break of dawn he's back, a stupid young man
once more.

R. C. L*HM*NN

On the following night he is quick to change, and, lo he is
off to steer

A girl through the maze of the Bunny hug and quite like a
Buccaneer.

There hasn't been seen a Pirate king that had such a fierce
grim look,

Or eyes that stare like round doubloons and cheeks like a
famished spook.

And nobody dips and hugs like him, or leers with such
curling lips

At the quivering, shrinking, clinging girls, as slick through
the dance he trips.

And he laughs He! He! when the girl is bumped for he
never gives way to steer,

This brainless youth of the Nut-nib tribe who dances the
Rag-time queer.

A girl from school, a flap, a cheep, a youth with a dragoon's
spur—

Old Raggy she takes them all in turn: they're one and the
same to her ;

She has mounted in haste the ball-room vogue, and her time
she has started hot

As she flounders away on a new crusade to the tune of
Turkey Trot.

She has floundered away with her Turkey Trot, despite of
grace and pride,

And, oh, when the dance is half way through she's trying
a Gaby glide.

It's a hideous suggestive dance, in short, as ever a flapper knew :
So I say, take care of the Rag time dance, beware of the
Rag time, do !

J*HN M*S*F**LD

94. *Daft Old Bill Fields*
 (*A Fragment*)

BETWEEN the Baron's Pastor and the Woods
There is, in thatch, a palsy stricken hut,
Where, in our time, Daft Old Bill Scroggins broods ;
For human fate has touched him on the nut :
His words come babbling up there, oh tut tut !
He babbles on, busting his brain with wine,
Babbling the self same rot, he babbled has lang syne.

Thoughts nibble at the frontage of his brain,
But quick they slip away, and bold he'll sing
Of the Rosebery's lonely plough-like reign,
When men like stubborn Harcourt preened his wing.
On, by the village pump, you hear him sing,
Past the post shop where rustics send their wires,
Up the long hill ridged deep with Continental tyres.

Another looney joins him : then he strikes
Up through the village street, still wet with tar,
Past foxhounds, Canterbury carts and bikes,
And many a landlord's, many a doctor's car ;
Queer cattle treat him there and in a bar
He sparkles out, babbling his foolish chatter,
Then to a farm, where he drinks white faced cattle's water.

J*HN M*S*F**LD

Under a hedge he runs, and now he slips
On the soft ploughland, babbling "drop o' gin,"
To the wet stumps of elm trees puts his lips,
And blackberry brambles suck, and pennies spin.
There, on his left, some short-grassed fields begin
Where red faced peasant lad the willow wiolds,
And to their never quiet joy, Daft old Bill he fields.

And sometimes as they play, come village raff,
Shepherd and carter, to the hedgerow side,
And look upon the cricket match and chaff,
And think all gone to pot since Master died ;
And sigh over his splendid ninety-four
Which his fine batting scored amongst these biolds
There on the very spot where Daft old Bill, he fields.

SIR A. T. QU*LL*R C**CH

95. *The Heavy Hoof*

*If a sheet rustled, he would squeak :
And yet he killed her months ago ;
How had so poor a thing the cheek
To enter, he would like to know ?
She verses wrote and it is said
No poet's great till he is dead.*

THE sweat upon the chief's bald head
Streamed on the page and on the proot,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the " News " stairs a heavy hoof :
'Twas Annie's sole that trod outside,
And " Open, open ! " loud she cried :

" I could not find my way to-day ;
There were too many waiting duns
Who stopped me and the fearful way
Led over bones of millions
Of strangled poets, newly burned—
I was bewildered and I turned.

SIR A. T. QU*LL*R C**CH

“ O it was easy then ! I knew
Your office with no name outside.
Look up and take a verse or two ! ”
He rose and pushed the girl outside.
'Twas but because his brain was hot
With scanning, for he heard her not.

But writers looking at their proofs
Show anger over trivial points,
And as she thundered with her hoofs
Towards him, and her crackling joints,
He raised a hand and smote her dead,
Then wrote, *the ink he used was red!*

W. B. Y**TS

96.

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innes free,
And a small table order, with beer in bottles laid ;
Nine "beanos " will I have there, a hat for the busy bee,
And drink alone in the b.y. glade.

And I shall have some peas there, for peas come dropping
slow,
Dropping from the pods in the garden to where the kettle
sings ;
There breakfast's just a Mutchkin, and lunch a herring roe,
And dinner made of the chicken's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I'll drink strong waters lapping in glasses by the score ;
While I stand by the counter, or by my supper tray,
I'll murmur oft a deep "encore."

H*RRY GR*H*M

97. *The Cry of the Public*

O MY painter, do you hear the critics lashing,
Do the papers fail to reach you in your rooms ?
Does the paint that on the canvas you are splashing
Look as glowing as a Clausen or a Holmes ?
You'll be sending to the R.A., ever sanguine,
And the N.E.A. looks hopeful once again ;
Won't you paint then like a Guthrie or a Brangwyn
Or Orpen ?

Farquharson no longer titillates the breeder
Of mutton, black of face among the drift ;
We grow weary of the limped pools of Leader,
Way to Dicksee to be frank he ought to shift,
But we scent for some original aroma,
From a painter who has genius and go,
Though less worthy of an R.S.A. diploma
. Than Peploe !

David Murray's mighty canvases we pardon
(Though they make a show at Christies' rather queer),
And our sympathies for East do often harden
When we study him alongside Mr. Steer,
Mr. Sargent's brilliant flourishes renewed from
A brain that has for colour quite a flair,
Make cheap the problem pictures that exude from
Collier

H*RRY GR*H*M

We applaud our Charlie Sims whene'er he masses
Glowing tones for truth and fantasies so quaint,
And our Hornel, with interminable lasses
Which he dashes on with palette knife and paint ;
But we wish some critic pot would make a " pot " of
Messrs. Hallé, Arthur Cope, and Solomon,
And then season with a stimulating dash
Of Mr. John !

It you, like to Alexander, draw a mavis,
Or painting Fishers make a certain mark,
Or as a Stott fly high—a rara (D)avis—
Or you take your cue from Richmond for a lark—
It will always be the Academy's ambitions
To provide for the demand they call their own,
And exhibit last year pictures (new edition)
Of Mr. Stone.

O my painter can't you paint us something novel,
Do not resurrect the pictures of the past,
Find the beauty in a factory or hovel
And attempt to paint a picture that will last ?
If you really—if you truly—are a master,
As you fancy—though a number think " you ain't,"
Don't you think you might progress a little faster
With your paint ?

AFTERWORD

98.

'TIS done! I cook the final "hash"
In H*rry G*r*h*m's style so wit-ic;
The meal well served by Mr. Nash,
To test the palate of the critic.
(The rhyme for "critic" is invented
By lexicographer demented.)

The book reviewed, the postman brings
A plethora of Durrant's "cuttings"
With memories of kindlier things
From praises down to mere tut-tuttings.
(I trust they may approve this line
It is not Col-streamer's but mine.)

My paraphrases may be great
Or may be bad, or merely middling,
The author's royalties will state
If many danced unto his fiddling
(An optimist—*dum spiro, spero*;
Success may prompt an *altro giro*.)

AFTERWORD

The scheme is due to Mr. Max,
His "Christmas Garland" set me choosing ;
No rolls of log, no grinds of axe,
Sent my eclectic muse a-musing ;
("A muse amusing" title neat !
Discarded for its frank conceit.)

And tho' I paraphrase each line,
Turn lofty themes to passing fashions,
Change god-like food and wondrous wine
To smaller beer and vulgar rations ;
Putting the great to idle use ;
Still do I venerate the Muse.

The maskèd god, with pipes and flutes,
That Athens showed us, of Silenus ;
A travesty of Pan-like lutes,
A pinchbeck and a hobbled Venus ;
May seem a sacrilege, scarce happy,
Not Ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

To find excuse needs must I munch
The fruits of Calverley and Lemon ;
The well-bred parodies of "Punch"
From Douglas Jerrold on to Seaman
Have raised a ghost which I would lay,
To damp our "spirits," some may say.

So though the food of gods we need
To grasp the wisdom of the sages,
A little sauce, it is decreed,
Is good for most, whate'er their age is
(My rhymes a sauce, a dash of Harvey's,
For *Inest sua gratia parvis.*)

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